

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 972

JULY 14, 1888

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

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THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

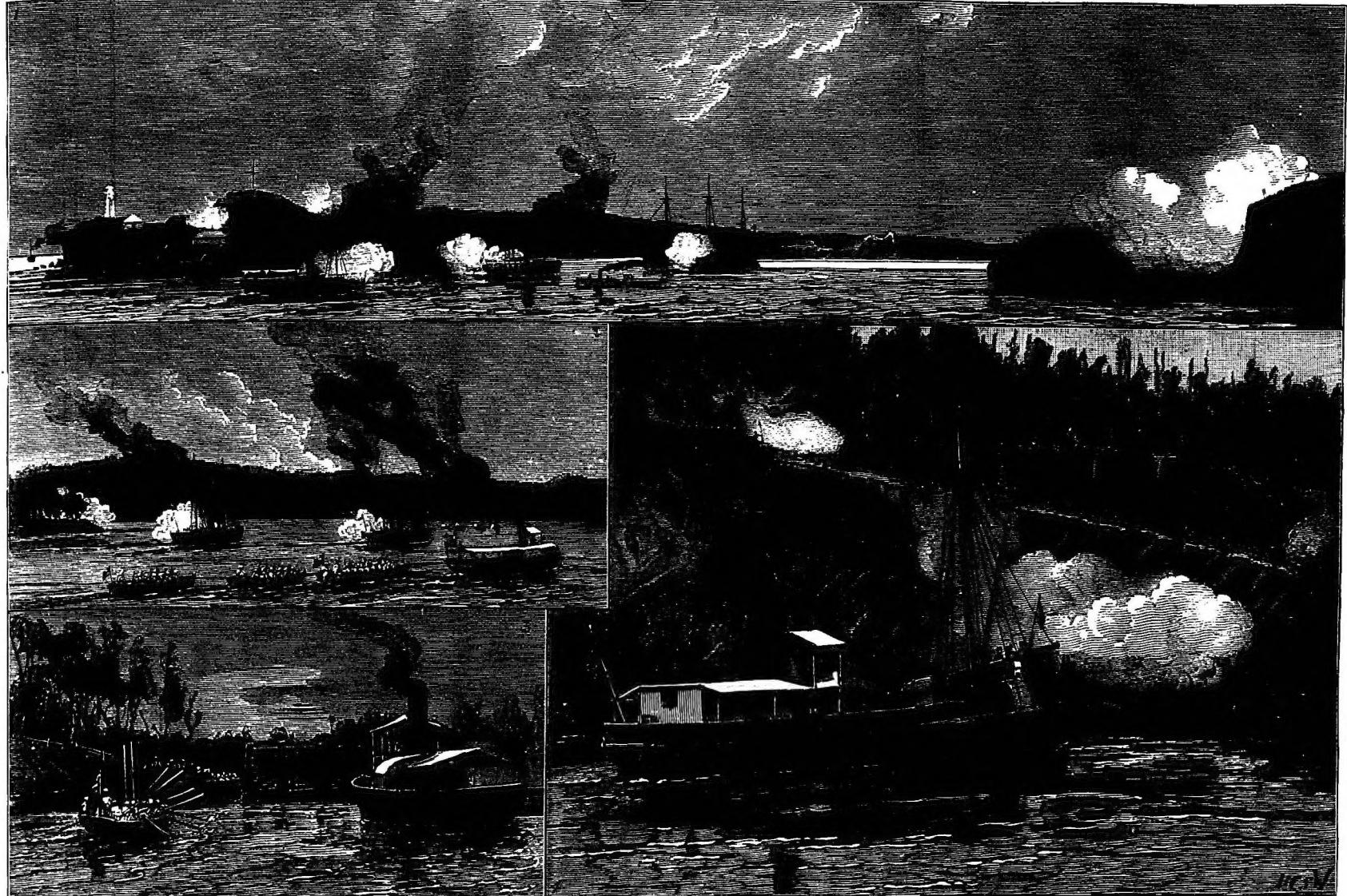
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1888

TWO EXTRA
SUPPLEMENTS

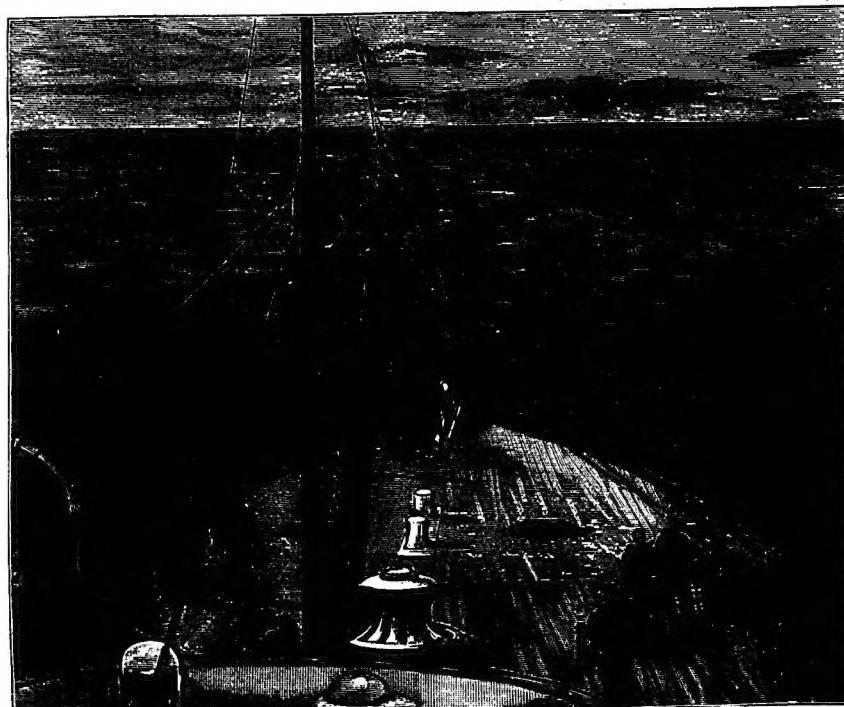
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1. Attempt to Land at Lady's Beach, South Head
2. Feint Attack on Cobbler's Beach, Middle Harbour

3. The Naval Artillery Volunteers Effect a Landing at Hunter's Beach
4. The Hopper *Neptune* Covering the Advance of the Naval Artillery Volunteers towards Middle Head

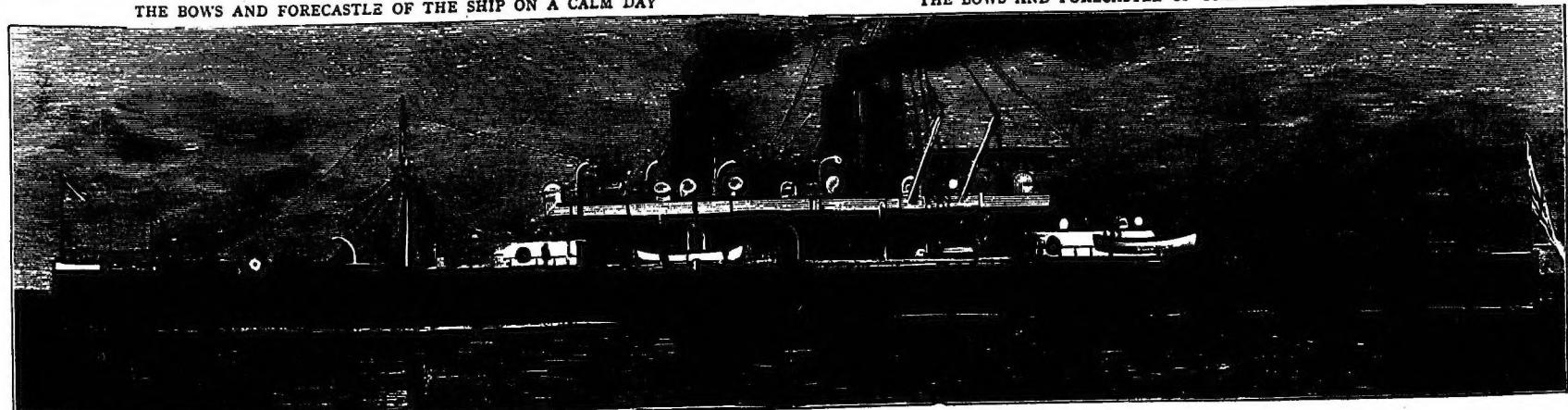
OUR COLONIAL DEFENCES—NAVAL MANŒUVRES IN SYDNEY HARBOUR, NEW SOUTH WALES



THE BOWS AND FORECASTLE OF THE SHIP ON A CALM DAY



THE BOWS AND FORECASTLE OF THE SHIP DURING THE GALE



H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT"

H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT" IN A GALE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN
FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN OFFICER

Topics of the Week

AN AUTUMN SESSION.—The sanguine anticipations which were entertained some weeks ago as to the forward condition of public business in the House of Commons have not been fulfilled. The Government have now announced that in order to pass the Local Government Bill and other important measures, some of the latter of which have already been threshed out by the Standing Committees, as well as to get through with Supply, it will be necessary for the House either to go on sitting until an indefinite time in the autumn, or else to adjourn in August, and finish up business by an Autumn Session, commencing in October or November. Mr. Smith recommended the latter course, and the House inclined to adopt it as the least inconvenient of two unpleasant alternatives. Owing, possibly, to the new Closure rules, which have been pretty vigorously applied, there has been little absolute obstruction during the present Session, yet Parliament has found itself almost as unable to cope with its work as on several previous occasions when circumstances were less favourable. Mr. Gladstone, who, apart from his decision to burke the Life Peerage Bill, spoke in a statesmanlike, and even generous manner, pointed out the main source of the mischief when he said that the House of Commons was "overcharged and overworked." From some of this overpressure it ought to be relieved by the passage of the Local Government Bill. At the same time every one who glances over the records of the present Session must allow that much time has been wasted. The debate on the Address was unduly prolonged, and numerous discussions have from time to time taken place which, though possibly interesting in themselves, had no bearing on the legislative work which the House had undertaken to accomplish. It remains a melancholy fact that progress in useful business will always be slow in an Assembly hampered by antiquated rules, composed of nearly seven hundred men all more or less eager for individual distinction, and spending so much time every day in asking and answering questions, that the main business of the sitting is scarcely reached before an hour at which a primitive body of legislators would be thinking seriously of going to bed. These, however, are matters for future consideration. The practical question at this moment is whether the House can, without scamping its work, adjourn sufficiently early in August to allow its jaded members a reasonable breathing-time before they are again summoned to Westminster in the autumn.

"PARNELLISM AND CRIME."—Whatever may have been Mr. O'Donnell's motive in taking action against the *Times* for libel, his former colleagues ought to feel grateful to him for giving them another opportunity of rebutting the terrible accusation which has stood recorded against them for the last twelve months. Although the indictment was suffered to sleep, it had not passed out of men's minds. Mr. Parnell would have made very much quicker progress with the Home Rule propaganda in England but for the suspicion that at one time he and his assistants were in touch with assassins. And this belief has now gathered fresh strength from the matter set forth in the Attorney-General's speech for the defence. Whatever be the character of the documentary evidence he produced, it has gained such general acceptance that Mr. Parnell will be greatly mistaken if he tries to "live it down." Nor is it easy to understand why he should not avail himself of the means of redress which the law secures to all innocent people when libelled. To say, as some of his indiscreet followers have done, that neither English judges nor English juries can be trusted to dispense impartial justice in such cases, is sheer rubbish. Very few of the English Home Rule members would care to repeat that libel to their constituencies. Mr. Parnell would get as fair a trial as he could possibly desire, and, inasmuch as the *onus* of proving the truth of the charges would lie on the accuser, he would enter Court at manifest advantage. Look, too, at the strong inducements he has to take this course—not merely the monetary gain which would follow a verdict in his favour, but a complete rehabilitation of his political character, an immense gain in prestige, and the consequent promotion of the Home Rule cause. It is simply unaccountable that he and his friends have not already jumped at the chance—unaccountable, that is, on the assumption of their innocence. The proposal to refer the matter to a Select Committee is simply puerile. Whatever the decision might be, the losing side would be sure to set it down to party bias. We still have hope, therefore, that the accused will recognise the necessity of facing their accusers in the only satisfactory arena—satisfactory, that is, to the public.

FRESH TROUBLES IN BULGARIA.—Whatever we may think of the ultimate aims of Russia in South-Eastern Europe, it is impossible not to admire the skill with which she works for the fulfilment of her purposes. For a long time she has not in any way openly interfered in the affairs of Bulgaria, nor has she taken pains to gain diplomatic triumphs in her negotiations with other Powers. But her agents have been secretly at work in the Principality, and now, as she anticipated, their efforts are beginning to tell decidedly in her favour. The Conservative and the Liberal

members of Prince Ferdinand's Cabinet regard one another with bitter jealousy, and their strife apparently represents too faithfully the conflict of parties in the country. Hitherto the Bulgarians have had the cordial sympathy of Englishmen; for it was believed that they were thoroughly capable of attending to their own business, and that they had a right, while acknowledging the nominal supremacy of the Porte, to be practically independent. But if, after all, it should turn out that they are unable to combine for great common ends, they may be sure that the English people will soon cease to trouble themselves about the question of Bulgarian autonomy. Austria, no doubt, will in any case, for her own sake, continue to interest herself in the matter; but even Austria cannot sanction the maintenance of a state of things that threatens to lead to anarchy. She will be compelled in the end, if the existing troubles go on, to press for some definite settlement; and any solution arrived at under such circumstances would certainly prove to be for the advantage of Russia. Indeed, a powerful party in Bulgaria is already talking seriously about the necessity of a reconciliation with the Czar "on the basis of Prince Alexander's return." This party includes many military officers, and its next step may be to urge that the good will of the Czar shall be secured on any terms he himself may choose to propose.

LIFE PEERAGES.—"Lord Salisbury proposes, but Mr. Gladstone disposes." The Life Peerage Bill was a very mild affair, inasmuch as it only provided for the creation of five peers of the new style every year. Still, it was amiably received by the Lords, a proof of the change in public opinion since 1869, when Earl Russell's Life Peerage Bill was so vehemently opposed. Lord Salisbury had on a former occasion candidly stated that he had no special enthusiasm for the Bill of which he proposed the second reading on Tuesday. But he evidently regarded it as a politic measure, calculated to stave off for a while other more revolutionary changes. Consequently, he must have keenly felt the rebuff which was administered to him by the panic-stricken lips of Mr. W. H. Smith. Mr. Gladstone had but to breathe, and down went the pretty house of cards which some of the reforming Peers had so elaborately constructed. Mr. Gladstone refused to accept a measure which he astutely perceived would bar the way against far more trenchant constitutional changes, and poor Mr. Smith, remembering that he was nearly half through July, and with heaps of unaccomplished business on hand, "gave himself away" unreservedly to "the old Parliamentary hand." The incident was both comic and pathetic—comic, because it was mirth-provoking to see the Peers solemnly discussing the fate of a bantling which had already been doomed to strangulation by the *fat* of the Leader of the other House; pathetic, because the humility with which the veto was accepted shows the real helplessness of the Lords as an independent legislative body. The Radicals had better take the hint, and leave the Peers to reform themselves. Otherwise, they may some day find that their revolutionary reforms have brought into existence a powerful Upper Chamber which will virtually rule the country, leaving the Lower House discredited and despised.

ZULULAND.—Although Lord Knutsford spoke with diplomatic cautiousness when answering Lord Granville's question about Zululand, his disclosures went far enough to warrant considerable misgiving. We now know that a small British force, supplemented by some crude native levies, is advancing to crush Dinizulu in his stronghold at Ceza. But we do not know what troops he has at his disposal; an official conjecture, made some time ago, estimates their strength at "about" 4,000 men, but more recent tidings tell of recruits flocking to Ceza from all parts of the country, including the Reserve. Mention is made, too, of the ominous fact that "Express" rifles are now used by the Zulus, and when it is remembered what trouble their assegais caused us, this adoption of arms of precision adds another element of danger should our troops find themselves much outnumbered. The Boers of the New Republic profess to be most anxious to hold aloof from the coming strife; nevertheless, a number of white filibusters are reported to have joined the insurgents, and more, no doubt, will follow. It seems quite possible, therefore, that Dinizulu will soon be at the head of a really formidable force; not equal in numbers to the "wonderfully efficient man-slaying machine" of his father, but better armed, dwelling in a less accessible part of the country, and including in its ranks a contingent of Dutch marksmen of unerring skill. Luckily, neither the Boers nor the Zulus appear to have either artillery or quick-firing guns, with both of which arms General Smyth's command is supplied. This, of course, makes a very great difference; the two light field-pieces and two Gatlings would be of immense value so long as the enemy played at long bowls. But a determined rush, such as that which swept away the 24th Foot at Isandula, would throw the advantage on the side of the greater number, and in that respect Dinizulu is certain to be vastly superior.

FRENCH PRETENDERS.—For some time it seemed not improbable that General Boulanger would succeed in making himself the ruler of France. The mass of the people were tired of incessant changes of Ministry; and if he had been able to secure a Dissolution immediately after his election for the Nord, he might have been borne to

triumph by a wave of general enthusiasm. He failed, however, to produce the impression expected by his supporters, and now all the evidence we possess tends to show that his influence is on the wane. His speech at Rennes attracted comparatively little attention, and the reception accorded to him at railway stations was not at all the kind of reception given to men who are believed to have a great and splendid destiny. The truth seems to be that General Boulanger has been "found out." He attacks the Republicans vehemently, and it cannot be denied that there is some foundation for a good many of his charges; but his remedies for the abuses which are admitted to exist are of the vaguest possible character. All that can be definitely understood is that he himself wants to be Dictator. What he would do with a Dictator's authority if it were granted to him no one is able to foretell. To upset a political system which, with a little care, might be made to work at least tolerably well, and to put in its place a sort of sham Empire, would surely be acts of supreme folly. This is apparently beginning to be understood by a great many persons who were for a time rather impressed by the General's "bounce;" and we may hope that the world will soon hear the last of his ridiculous claims. The prospects of other Pretenders are not at present much brighter. Prince Napoleon and his son are not respected even by their own party; and the measure of the popularity of the Comte de Paris may be estimated by the verdict of the country as a whole on his recent letter to the Mayors. Thanks mainly to the imprudence, or the intellectual feebleness, of its opponents, the Republic has an excellent chance of recovering the ground it has lost; and the Republican leaders will be guilty of extraordinary folly if they do not take full advantage of the opportunity provided for them.

THE BRITISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION.—The Princess Christian is an energetic worker for the relief of her suffering fellow-creatures, and there is therefore little doubt that her appeal on behalf of the above Association will meet with a liberal response. The art of nursing has undergone a complete revolution since the epoch of the Crimean War. It was then that Miss Florence Nightingale, imbued with an ardent desire to lessen the pangs of our sick and wounded soldiers, showed, by the force of her noble personal example, that the art of nursing was capable of great improvements, and that these improvements were all the more likely to be carried out if women of good breeding and education were themselves to undertake the practical duties of the profession. Up to that time professional nurses were usually women of little or no education, who had drifted into the business either by natural aptitude or by hap-hazard, and who were, as a rule, persons of what is known as "a certain age." Do not let us, however, be too hard on the nurses of that generation. Some of them might neglect and treat their patients cruelly, or resort too frequently to alcoholic solace, but they were not all "Gamps;" and, though they were sometimes prejudiced and ignorant, and did their work by "rule of thumb," they were often very skilful and full of practical resource. However, whatever their virtues or failings might be, they are, as a race, extinct. Miss Nightingale's example made nursing fashionable. Young ladies went into the business, at first from enthusiasm, but afterwards as a means of livelihood. At present, as the Princess Christian informs us, the trained nurses in existence number no less than 15,000; and, though they are not all "ladies" in the conventional sense, they belong, as a rule, to a higher social class than their congeners of five-and-thirty years ago. Their presence has now become almost indispensable in hospitals and private families; and it may be parenthetically remarked that they have superseded the "bull-nurse," who in the old days was the sole smoother of the sick and wounded soldier's pillow. But among this multitude of trained nurses some are less competent than others, and one of the objects of the British Nurses' Association is to effect a system of registration, so that the public may feel assured that the nurse whom they engage is worthy of their confidence. The Association also aims at the establishment of institutions which will conduce to the well-being of the nurses themselves; and, in order to start these efficiently, an appeal is made to the public for pecuniary assistance.

THE LAST WIMBLEDON.—Last year, when the annual shooting took place, Volunteers rather laughed at the idea of having to abandon time-honoured Wimbledon. The ducal fiat had gone forth even then, but they felt confident that the National Rifle Association would somehow contrive to find a way out of the difficulty. No longer is there any room for hope: the present gathering at Wimbledon is indubitably the very last which will take place there. Small wonder, then, that there are gloomy brows among the inhabitants of the camp as they discourse riflemen's politics in the evening, or that the language to which our troops were addicted in Flanders occasionally makes itself heard. Where shall they go? To Richmond Park, if that be possible: it is universally admitted that no better site could be found anywhere near London, either for the ranges or the encampment. But, in spite of the eloquence of Lord Wemyss and the arguments of Lord Wantage, the public at large do not yet seem to half relish the idea. As for the inhabitants of Richmond, Sheen, Barnes, Roehampton, and all the surrounding districts, they are furious at a proposal which, as

they honestly believe, would bring down upon them a deluge of metropolitan rascality and immorality for a fortnight every year. These fears may be exaggerated; but it cannot be gainsaid that the precincts of the Wimbledon Camp after dark are decidedly unlovely and unlovable. Is there no other site within easy distance of London which would serve the purpose? Perhaps that question has not been sufficiently considered by the National Rifle Association. A large sum of money would be required for the purchase; and, unless the State acted as paymaster, this might be a fatal obstacle. The metropolitan Volunteers would, no doubt, contribute handsomely if they were allowed to make use of the ranges for practice; and, if anything farther were wanted, a public subscription might be got up.

MATCH GIRLS ON STRIKE.—According to Messrs. Bryant and May, the strike in their factories sprang wholly from "the influence of outside agitators." No doubt outside agitation had a good deal to do with the matter, but it would certainly not have been able to produce much effect if the match girls had been tolerably prosperous and contented. Messrs. Bryant and May admit that the average weekly wages paid to their adult female workers is only 11s. 2d. Who can wonder that women paid at this rate for hard work should be in a mood to listen to "outside agitators," and to take the first favourable opportunity for improving their circumstances? The moral of the strike is that it is hopeless for women workers to try to better their position until they learn to combine in trade unions. As long as working men stood apart from one another they were practically at the mercy of their employers. Only when they formed powerful associations were they able to command in the labour markets something like reasonable terms. Unfortunately there are so many poor women willing to accept work on almost any conditions that it is hard for those of them who have employment to stand by one another, and to accept common sacrifices for the sake of a common ultimate benefit; and we fear that many a day will pass before there are strong female trade unions. In the mean time, it is surely rather cruel on the part of "outside agitators" to stir up helpless girls to enter upon conflicts in which it is simply impossible for them to be victorious. We do not wish to question Mrs. Besant's motives, but she herself must have had some doubts as to the wisdom of the course she had adopted, when crowds of girls came to her, and she was obliged to say that it was not to be supposed she could keep 1,500 of them. Eleven shillings and twopence is wretched average weekly pay, but it is a good deal better than os. od.

THE REV. G. R. GLEIG.—Those who had the pleasure of personal acquaintance with the late Chaplain-General of the Forces will feel regret—notwithstanding his great age ninety-two—that a man of such kindness and energy has passed away. Literally, as well as in the theological sense, Mr. Gleig may be said to have belonged to the Church Militant, for he was a soldier before he became a clergyman. Few young men of twenty-four have gone through such stirring experiences before presenting themselves for ordination, for Mr. Gleig had already served in the Peninsular Campaign of 1813 and 1814, including the triumphant entry into France; and in the less glorious and utterly-regrettable war against the United States, being present at the capture of Washington, and the disastrous attack on New Orleans. In both these campaigns Mr. Gleig received several wounds. But he was not only a gallant soldier, and an excellent clergyman (as he proved during his thirty years' tenure of the Chaplain-Generalcy), he was also a voluminous and popular author. Scores of lads, especially during the earlier years of the century, have had their ardour kindled by such books as "The Subaltern," "The Story of Waterloo," and "The Campaigns of Washington and New Orleans," while his "Life of Warren Hastings" formed the text for Macaulay's celebrated essay. When he was nearly eighty he wrote "The Great Problem," a wholesome antidote against the prevailing spirit of scepticism; and he retained his intellectual vivacity to the very last. Few survivors of the eighteenth century now remain among us, and of those recently departed the name of George Robert Gleig deserves to be held in affectionate remembrance.

THE NAVAL MOBILISATION.—The spectacle now presented at Spithead and Portland should do something to allay the invasion panic. In less than a week, a naval force has been collected, at these two harbours, and placed in readiness for active service, such as England has never before assembled. It may be safely said that no other two maritime Powers could make an equal display between them. Granted that the coming mobilisation was an "open secret" long before the order was actually given, and granted, too, that some of the preparations were made during this interval of expectancy, the Admiralty, nevertheless, is entitled to claim that, were war to break out, it would not catch Britannia napping. There is always a period of strained relations before hostilities begin, and we should, therefore, have that time to make preliminary preparations. The public may, therefore, accept it that in any emergency, threatening the contingency of invasion, England could assemble within a week at any menaced point of her

coast, a sufficiently powerful fleet to sweep the Channel from end to end. Lord Brassey, however, raises a much more doubtful issue when he questions whether our present system of naval construction takes adequate recognition of the vital importance of speed. That would not be of very much consequence, perhaps, in the Channel or other narrow waters, but it is the governing factor for the protection of our ocean-borne commerce. It is not that foreign nations are yet ahead of us in this detail, but some of them are pushing ahead fast with the construction of flying ironclads, and, unless we wake up, we may find ourselves distanced. Naval experts believe that the time is coming when speed will be everything in war-ships, whether for defence or offence, and Lord Brassey, no mean judge, seems to have gathered the same opinion during his recent cruise round the world.

PEERS AND ELECTIONS.—The other day there was an interesting discussion on this subject in the House of Lords. For two centuries the House of Commons has periodically passed a resolution to the effect that peers have no right to take part in proceedings relating to elections. During the present Session this resolution was for the first time formally sent to the Upper House, by which it was referred to a Select Committee. Having duly considered the matter, the Select Committee reported that as the law cannot be affected by a resolution of one House of Parliament, it was unnecessary to take any action with regard to this particular resolution. The Lord Chancellor and Lord Esher, in discussing the Report, which was agreed to, expressed the opinion that although peers are not entitled to vote at elections they have exactly the same right as other citizens to work for candidates whose success they wish to secure. Lord Herschell declined to commit himself to this view, but admitted that no decision to the opposite effect had ever been given by a Court of Justice. As a matter of fact, it is well known that, as a general rule, peers have for many a day refrained from interfering in electoral contests. Until recently the House of Commons retained in its own hands the power of deciding whether an election was or was not valid; and every one was well aware that it would not admit a member who owed his seat to undue influence exerted in his behalf by a peer. Hence it was necessary for members of the House of Lords to act discreetly. In former times the power of the aristocracy was so great that it was right that it should be held in check in this way; but they are no longer predominant, and there seems to be no really good reason why a peer, any more than a commoner, should now be hindered from doing what he can to promote the interests of the party with which he associates himself. At the last General Election the Duke of Westminster and Lord Spencer did a good deal, the one for the Unionists, the other for the Gladstonians; and we are not aware that the country was in any way alarmed or irritated by their activity.

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CRUISE TO THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS, THE BALTIC,
etc.—The Steam Yacht *Victoria*, 1,800 tons register, 1,500 horse power, R. D.
LUNHAM, Commander, will be dispatched from Tilbury Docks as follows:—11th
August, for 16 days' cruise to the Norwegian Fjords; 30th August, for 30 days' cruise
to the Baltic. The *Victoria* is always on view between her cruises, and has the electric
light, bell, and all modern improvements. Apply to MANAGER, S.Y. "VICTORIA"
Office, Carlton Chambers, 4, Regent Street, London, S.W.

STEAMERS TO NORWAY, THE BALTIC, the ORKNEY, and
SHETLAND ISLANDS.—Delightful and popular twelve days' trips to the
West Coast and Fjords of Norway from Leith and Aberdeen every Saturday
during July and August, by the magnificent steamships, "ST. SUNNIVA" and
"ST. ROGNVALD." Both vessels are lighted by electricity, are provided with
all modern requisites for the comfort of passengers, and make the passage between
Aberdeen and Norway in twenty hours. The "ST. SUNNIVA" makes a three
days' trip to the Baltic on 1st September, calling at Christiania, Copenhagen, Stock-
holm, and St. Petersburg.

Direct Steamers to the Orkney and Shetland Islands from Aberdeen and Leith
five times a week. To Shetland in 12 hours; to Orkney in 11 hours by the fast and
comfortable steamers, "ST. MAGNUS," "ST. CLAIR," "ST. NICHOLAS," and
"QUEEN." Particulars of sailing (and Handbook of Norway Trips, price 3d.)
may be had from John A. Clinkskill, 10a, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Sewell and
Crown, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, W.C.; Thomas Cook and Son,
Lugate Circus, and all Branch Offices; C. Macleay and Son, Tower Buildings,
Water Street, Liverpool; Wardle and Co., 49, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George
Houston, 16, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh; and 64, Constitution Street, Leith;
Charles Mervilles, Northern Steam Wharf, Aberdeen.

SUMMER TOURS in SCOTLAND, GLASGOW, and the
HIGHLANDS.

Royal Route via Crinan and the Caledonian Canals.)
The Royal Mail Steamer "COLUMBA" with passengers only, sails from
GLASGOW DAILY at 7 a.m., from GREENOCK at 9 a.m., in connection with
Express Trains from the South, for Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Lochawe,
Skye, Gairloch, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Stornoway, &c. Official Guide, 3d.; Illus-
trated, 6d. and 1s., at Railway Bookstalls.

Time Bills with Map and Fares free from the owner, DAVID MACBRYNE,
119, Hope Street, Glasgow.



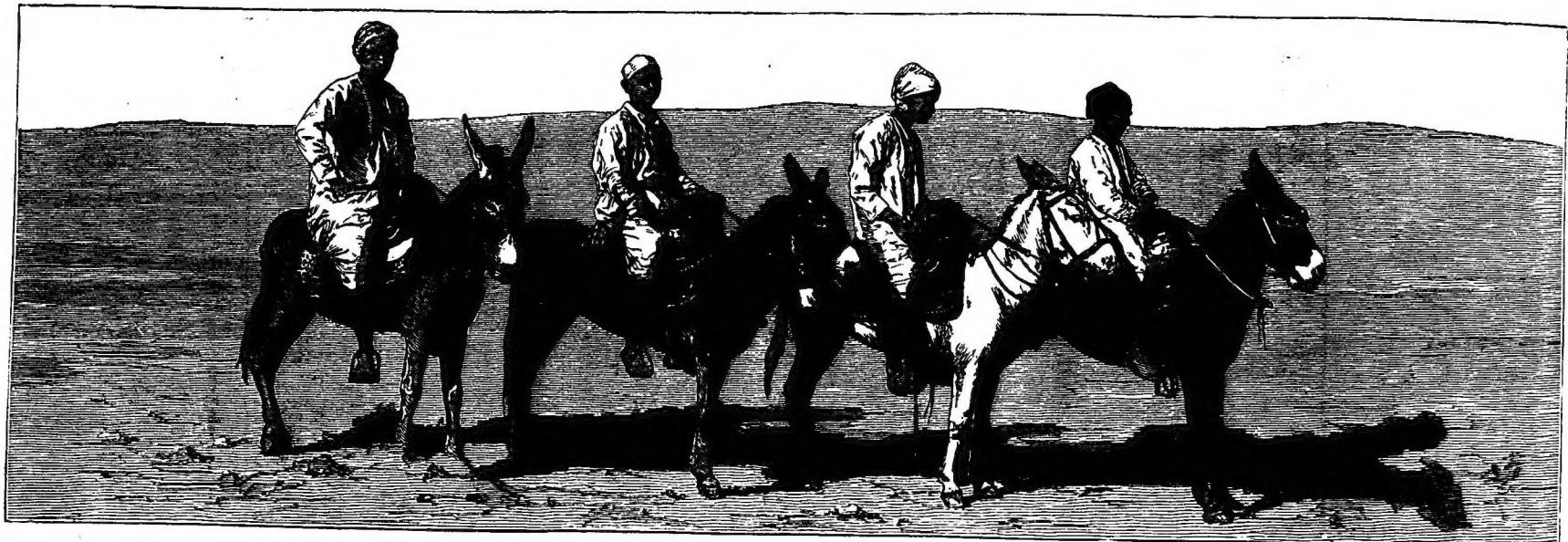
DR. J. FITZGERALD
New Nationalist M.P. for South Longford



LIEUTENANT ROBERT BRUGES BRISCOE
First Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers
Killed in the Recent Engagement in Zululand



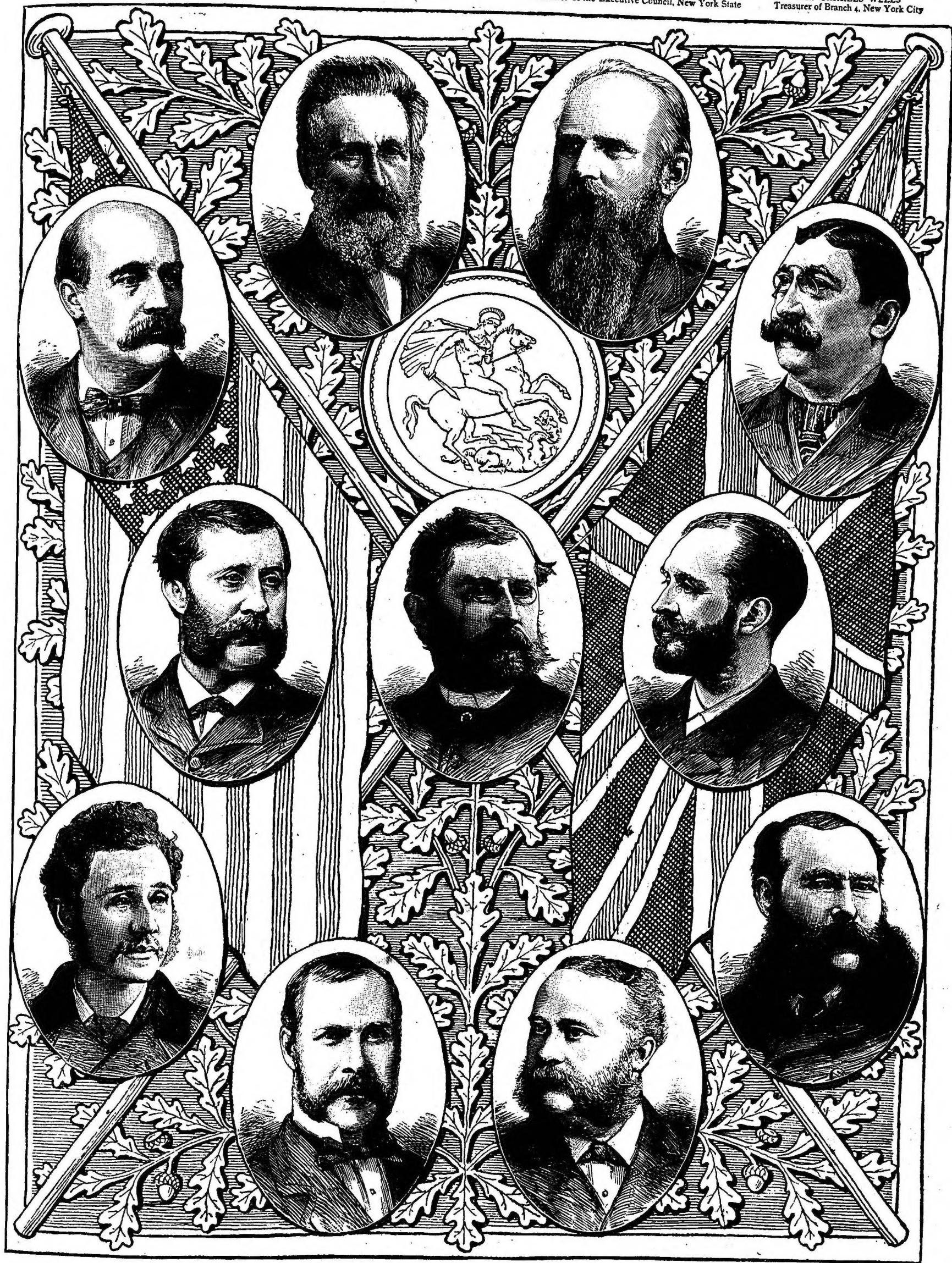
THE RIGHT HON. J. LOWTHER
New Conservative M.P. for the Isle of Thanet Division of Kent



EGYPTIAN DONKEY-BOYS AT CAIRO



THE ROMAN GLADIATORIAL GAMES AT THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT

MR. JAMES WEMYSS, JUN.
President for MassachusettsMR. JAMES LEE
President for PennsylvaniaMR. G. H. TOOP
Treasurer of the Executive Council, New York StateMR. CHARLES WELLS
Treasurer of Branch 4, New York CityMR. ERASTUS WIMAN
President of the Canadian ClubMR. J. H. WILLIAMS
Editor of *The British American*MR. RICHARD G. HOLLAMAN
Publisher of *The British American*MR. J. KENWORTHY
Vice-President for PennsylvaniaMR. W. N. BARTRAM
President for New York StateMR. ERNEST ROWDEN
Treasurer of Branch 1, Brooklyn, New YorkMR. ANGUS G. MACDONALD
President of Branch 1, Brooklyn, New York

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH-AMERICAN ASSOCIATION, UNITED STATES

numerous vessels which are consigned to them. A good stout native boat is generally purchased, and a house is forthwith erected therein. These boats are made more or less luxurious according to the taste or fancy of the owner. Many of them are furnished with marble table and lockers, or cupboard, and fitted with jalousies and cushions, and are used for shooting and other more festive occasions. They are propelled by sculls worked at the sides on projections from the gunwales, the oars being of considerable length, with a bend in them which assists the sculler. In sculling, the Japanese stand, and keep measure or "stroke" with their sculls, which is better preserved by their chanting a monotonous refrain, every alternate man swinging his body in opposite directions, one pushing, the other pulling. The rowers thus vibrating half of them one way and half the other, the boat maintains an even keel as she dashes through, or, rather, over the waves.—Our engraving is from a photograph lent to us by Captain Hepple Hall.

SKETCHES AT A MUSKETRY CAMP

THESE engravings require no further explanation than that which is afforded by the sub-titles.

WITH THE CHINS IN BURMA

SOME two months ago a large body of Chins, said to be 1,100 strong, captured Indin, the capital of the loyal Tsawbwa, of the Kalé district, and carried off the Tsawbwa himself to their hills. The Chins now occupy Indin, and are also threatening the Khuo Valley, in the North. In March and April last, Major (then Captain) Raikes, Commissioner of the Chindwin, accompanied by Colonel Woodthorpe, R.E., paid a visit to the Tsawbwa of Indin, and received his submission to the British Government. While at Indin, several influential chiefs of the Tashon tribe of Chins came down to pay a friendly visit to the Tsawbwa, who brought them in to see Captain Raikes. The interview was satisfactory, and the chiefs promised to assist the Tsawbwa in his endeavours to suppress the Chin raids. The Tashon tribe had not latterly been implicated in raids on the Kubo and Kalé Valleys. The present raid has perhaps been made by a combination of two or more of the other tribes, of which there are four; the Chins are very nearly allied to the Lushai and Kuki tribes, and occupy the hilly country to the east of the Lushais and south of Inanipur. Some of their clearances and villages are visible from the Kubo Valley, but their country offers many difficulties to the passage of troops, being a series of long parallel, and very much wooded, ridges, separated by deep and narrow valleys.

Major Raikes, now officiating as Commissioner of the Central district of Upper Burma, accompanies the force now moving to the relief of Indin. The Chins may have improved the defences which, however, will not be proof against artillery.—Our illustrations are taken from sketches by Colonel R. G. Woodthorpe, R.E., 25, Savile Row, W.

"HARMONY"

See page 46.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, begins on page 41.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR, VIII.

WHEN trying to realise the bodily aspect of favourite personages of fiction, everybody probably forms a somewhat different conception, and therefore it is rare that the painter's ideal can satisfy the spectators of his picture. Mr. Sant in his "Sweet Anne Page" has depicted a sufficiently winsome young lady, but whether this is the Anne Page that Shakespeare drew we must settle for ourselves. There are no less than three Scriptural subjects in this week's reproduction of pictures, a gratifying sign when trivialities are painted with such wearisome frequency. Mr. Hacker's "By the Waters of Babylon" (Grosvenor Gallery) is a praiseworthy effort to represent an oft-painted incident; Mr. Ernest Normand's "Esther Denouncing Haman" is highly dramatic, and suggests the influence of Mr. Long; Mr. Goodall's "By the Sea of Galilee" cleverly summarises, as it were, upon a single canvas, several of Our Lord's most notable works of healing. Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Old and Crusted" is full of quiet humour. The expectant faces of the guests, and the importance of the landlord, as he tenderly handles the anticipated bottle, are admirably characterised. Mr. Bartlett's Irish sea-coast studies are always interesting, and this of "The Seal Diver" fully equals several of the artist's previous efforts. Mr. Lawes's group of sculpture commands attention, both by its central position and its spirited rendering. The attitude both of the horse and of the captive maiden bound on its back are full of vigour and vivacity.

NOTE.—Owing to the transposition of a title in our issue of last week, we attributed to Mr. Phil Morris, R.A., a picture in this year's Academy which was the work of Mr. A. Dampier May. The title under Mr. May's picture should have been "Portrait of a Child Playing the Violin," instead of "May (daughter of Colonel E. R. Berry)."



POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.—A very influential deputation of members of both Houses of Parliament, representing that non-political organisation, the Parliamentary Colonisation Committee, had an interview with Lord Salisbury on Wednesday. It was introduced by Sir William Houldsworth, M.P., who, with Colonel Duncan, M.P., urged on the Premier the merits of an elaborate scheme for promoting colonisation. They asked the Government to establish a Colonisation Board which will give a State guarantee for thirty years of 3 per cent. interest on any amount subscribed by the public to be advanced to settlers in the colonies, who are to repay the debt in instalments. In a sympathetic reply Lord Salisbury pointed out the difficulty which opposed the realisation of such an excellent object in the growing reluctance of the populations of several of the great self-governing colonies to encourage an emigration which they thought would lower the rate of wages among themselves, and the obstacles opposed by climate to the settlement of Englishmen in the Crown colonies. However, the first of these difficulties might, he said, be settled by negotiation. But the Government could not be expected to advance money on what seemed such precarious security as the promise of the emigrants to repay the loans made to them. He recommended a trial of the experiment, on a manageable scale, without State-aid. If it proved successful they would be in a much better position when applying again to the Government.—Mr. Gladstone was present at one of those political garden-parties, the organisation of which has marked the present London season, in this case given by Lord and Lady Aberdeen at Dollis Hill. The ex-Premier was expected to make a speech, in which he could hardly have avoided making some references to the indictment brought anew by the *Times* against Mr. Parnell, to say nothing of the published extracts from his correspondence with the late Mr. W. E. Forster. But the "state of his throat," it seems, in conjunction with adverse atmospheric influences, prevented Mr. Gladstone

from gratifying oratorically the expectations of the company assembled, which included a number of Separatist M.P.'s, British and Irish.—A correspondence has been published between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Rhodes, a prominent South African politician and diamond-mine owner, in which the latter protests against the exclusion of Irish members from the Imperial Parliament, provided for in Mr. Gladstone's abortive Home Rule Bill. He advocates their retention, partly on the ground that Ireland having hypothetically at the same time a Parliament of its own, a precedent would be afforded for the representation of the great self-governing colonies in the Parliament at Westminster, just as they from time to time expressed a desire to contribute to Imperial expenditure. Mr. Parnell, in reply, admits that the exclusion of the Irish members was an error in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, which will not be repeated in the next one. Mr. Rhodes rejoins, expressing himself gratified by the alteration in the policy of the Home Rulers, and sends a cheque for 10,000/- to aid them in promoting it. In a letter of thanks on receiving a resolution of confidence adopted by the Executive Committee of the Liberal Union of Ireland, which contained a reference to his rumoured resignation, Mr. Balfour says that "the rumour was not merely untrue, but never had the slightest foundation of any kind."

THE MOBILISATION OF THE FLEET has been swiftly and successfully completed. At Spithead, under Admiral Baird, there are thirty-eight vessels, including thirteen armoured ships; at Portland, under Sir George Tryon, thirty-one vessels, including nine armoured ships; the whole being manned by 16,000 officers and men, and coaled and with their filled shells on board, as if a possible war were in prospect. On Monday the two squadrons will combine at Portland, and manoeuvre in presence of the Lords of the Admiralty.

THE VOLUNTEERS AT WIMBLEDON.—The shooting began on Monday, under unfavourable meteorological conditions, strong and capricious winds making matters very trying even for the most experienced marksmen. In the match between Oxford and Cambridge Universities for the Humphrey Cup, Oxford, as last year, won easily by 526 to 529. The competition between the regular and the auxiliary officers was decided in favour of the auxiliaries by 1,485 to 1,536. In the most important competition of the day, the Alexandra, the chief prize, 30/-, was won by Colour-Sergeant Vicars, 13th Middlesex. In spite of the generally unfavourable weather the shooting has shown a marked advance in accuracy over that of last year. On Wednesday a mass meeting of Volunteers was held, and addressed by Lord Wantage, who presided, as well as by Lord Wemyss and others. Resolutions were unanimously adopted in favour of the Richmond Park site.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.—Mr. John Mandeville, a prominent South of Ireland Nationalist, who was Mr. O'Brien's fellow-prisoner in Tullamore Gaol, died on Sunday of throat disease. He is described as having been a man of "excellent physique," but of course the Nationalists attribute his death to his imprisonment and Mr. Balfour.—Good accounts continue to be received of the health of Mr. John Dillon, M.P., who is being carefully and considerably treated by the prison authorities.—An official investigation into the theft of depositions at Loughrea relating to the prosecution of Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., has resulted in the dismissal of the keeper of the Court House.—An Orange procession, 120 strong, was on its way to attend on Sunday a special church service in Manchester, when, as it passed along a thoroughfare inhabited by Irish Roman Catholics, the latter in overwhelming numbers, and many of them women, attacked the processionists with hatchets, knives, pokers, and bottles, inflicting severe injuries on several of them. The police arrived in time to prevent actual murder, and arrested the male and female ringleaders, on several of whom sentences have been passed, the maximum being two months' imprisonment.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE ARMADA TERCENTENARY begins next Wednesday at Plymouth with the opening of a capital loan collection of Armada relics. On the following day—the actual anniversary—the chief officials and guests connected with the celebration will march in procession to the Hoe, where Drake and his companions were playing bowls when they heard of the Armada's approach. A grand review will be held, together with an attack on the fortifications from the combined Channel Squadrons, and a game of bowls will be played on the memorable spot. The most picturesque feature of the commemoration, however, promises to be a pageant representing the celebrities of the Elizabethan and Victorian eras, and including historical *tableaux* displaying all the British Sovereigns since William the Conqueror. A banquet at the Guildhall concludes the day's festivities.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At a Conference held under the auspices of the Executive Committee of the National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education, and presided over by Lord Hartington, there was a general expression of opinion that powers should be given to School-Boards to provide technical instruction in their schools for pupils who shall have passed the seventh standard.—The recent foolish and futile attempts to assert the right of public meeting in Trafalgar Square culminated on Saturday, when Mr. Saunders, M.P., made an effort to harangue a crowd. Among those present with him were the irrepressible Mr. Cunningham Graham and the Rev. Stewart Headlam. There was a collision at the Charing Cross Underground Railway Station between the police and the retreating roughs, and several arrests were made.—A considerable demonstration was made in Hyde Park on Sunday by numbers of the working men of London, who went to it in procession, with banners, &c., and protested against the Sunday closing of public houses. A similar protest was urged at a mass meeting in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, of London and Provincial Licensed Victuallers, presided over by Mr. Seager Hunt, M.P.—A Cremation Society is being formed at Manchester, with the promised support of several clergymen, medical men, and prominent citizens.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, when the deaths numbered 1,211, against 1,238 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 27, and 372 below the average, while the death-rate fell again to 14.8 per 1,000. There were 31 deaths from whooping-cough (an increase of 4), 29 from diphtheria (a rise of 1), 23 from measles (an increase of 3), 51 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 16), 10 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 9) 7 from enteric fever (a decline of 3), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever (an increase of 2), and 2 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. The births still continue low, and numbered 2,348, being 332 below the usual return, although an increase of 59 on the preceding week.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death in his eightieth year, as the result of an accident, of Sir John Hardy, Bart., elder brother of Viscount Cranbrook, Lord President of the Council, M.P. for Midhurst, Dartmouth, and 1868-74 for South Warwickshire, successively; in his sixty-first year, of Sir William Wellington Cairns, half-brother of the late Earl Cairns, who closed his career of Colonial administration by resigning in 1877 the Governorship of South Australia; in his eightieth year, of General Sir Charles Trollope, brother of Lord Kesteven, who served as Brigadier-General in the Crimean War, and from 1858 to 1861 commanded the forces in Lower Canada; in his eighty-third year, of Admiral George Goldsmith, who saw much active service in the China War of 1840-1, and in the war against Russia; in his eighty-eighth year, of Admiral William Hargood, who entered the Navy in 1813, seventy-five years ago; and of Mrs. Charles Dillon, formerly well-known by her performance of Madeline to her husband's Belphégor.



THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY will be given again in 1890. The villagers are already busy preparing for the performance.

THE SUBSIDENCES IN THE CHESHIRE SALT DISTRICT again alarm the inhabitants. On a recent market day at Northwich, part of the stable-yard at the Wheatsheaf suddenly collapsed, burying a horse deep in the chasm. As the yard was crowded with farmers' traps, many persons narrowly escaped injury.

THE SUMMER IS SO COLD IN SOUTH GERMANY this year that vast quantities of snow have fallen near Munich with the last few days. In our own Lake District snow fell on the mountains on Tuesday night, Skiddaw being quite white next morning. Such a phenomenon as snow in July is beyond the memory of man in that region.

THE SWISS NEWSPAPER PRESS now consists of 812 journals and periodical reviews. Of these 36 are Government publications, while of the remainder 491 are published in German, 229 in French, 17 in Italian, and 10 in English, Polish, and Russian. Twenty-six are printed in two, three, and even four languages.

THE "WHITE PASHA" in the Sudan is reported to be three days' march nearer Khartoum, and the Khalifa has ordered the tribes to resist his advance. Zebehr Pasha thinks that this White Pasha is not Mr. Stanley, but Emin Pasha, who has stated that, if hard pressed, he should make for the Bahar-el-Gazelle, where he could obtain support from the tribes hostile to the Mahdi.

M. CHEVREUL, the eminent French centenarian, is beginning to fail in health. He has grown so weak that he can scarcely walk upstairs, and thus he is not so regular as formerly in attending the meetings of the Académie des Sciences. M. Chevreul is now in his 102nd year—an age, by-the-by, matched by a centenarian in our own country who has just passed away. Miss Sarah Barnes died at Westbury, Wilts, last week, aged 102, and though she had long been blind, her mind was clear to the last. She had survived her mother for over a century.

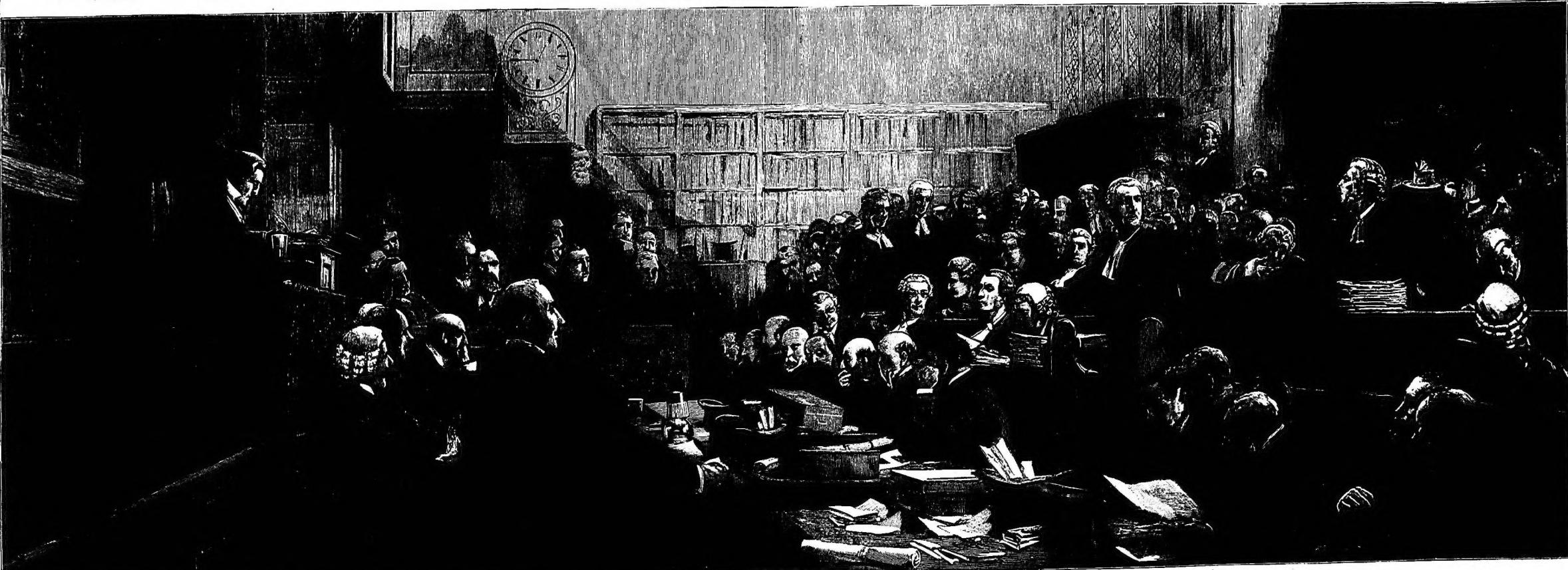
WOMEN'S RIGHTS are even creeping into China. The Marquis Tseng, well known as former Minister to London and Paris, has just celebrated the wedding of his daughter, Lady Blossom, when, for the first time in Chinese annals, the bride's consent to the choice of a husband was actually asked. Lady Blossom received numerous European presents, which were carried round the Pekin streets in formal procession. The bride's brother headed the *cortege*, then came police and a band of music escorting 120 tables covered with presents, while carts full of friends brought up the rear. All the chief foreigners in Pekin were asked to the wedding reception.

THE DESCENDANTS OF THE RAPACIOUS MICE who killed wicked Bishop Hatto in his tower on the Rhine have evidently emigrated to New South Wales. Drovers of mice suddenly overran the country, recently, from Coonabarabran to Coolah, and completely devoured acres of cornfields, climbing up the stalks and eating the cobs. At one place they demolished the carcass of a sheep in one night, in another spot they ate the bandages off the legs of some racehorses, and so swarmed over the provender that the horses could scarcely get any food at all, while on several occasions the mice were daring enough to attack sleeping people. So much damage was done that 2s. per 100 was offered for their destruction, the price going down to 1s. when 2,000 had been killed in the night at a single station.

THE ALPINE ACCIDENT SEASON has begun with a catastrophe in the Styrian Alps. Two young Viennese on Saturday were crossing a wooden bridge over a ravine in the Gerasfusse, when the bridge broke, and both tourists fell into the river below. One, Herr Reinisch, was drowned, but the other escaped with slight injuries. Speaking of mountaineering, a well-known Swiss guide is dead, Emil Boss, who was also part proprietor of the Bär Hotel, Grindelwald, familiar to most Alpine climbers. Boss did little important climbing in Switzerland of late, save several winter expeditions in the Bernese Alps with an English lady last year, but he shared in some notable expeditions further afield. Thus, he accompanied Mr. Graham to the Himalayas, and went to the New Zealand Alps with the Rev. W. S. Green to scale Mount Cook.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY REPORT, just issued, states that during the past twelvemonth the collection acquired fourteen additional works, by gift and purchase. Six pictures were bought—"Holy Family," by Marcello Venusti; "The Blood of the Redeemer," by Giovanni Bellini; "A Muse Inspiring a Court Poet," by Dosso Dossi; the Portrait of a Girl, by Dominico del Ghirlandajo; and Portraits of Men, by Sir Antonio Mor and Heinrich Aldegrever. The bequests included Sir Edwin Landseer's "Member of the Humane Society" and Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Sir Samuel Romilly, while Fuseli's "Titania and Bottom" and Constable's View of his Birthplace were presented to the Gallery. During the year the collection was almost entirely rearranged, owing to the opening of five new rooms; but the Directors are still pleading for more space. Appealing, too, for the restoration of the Treasury grant, withheld for the last three years, they suggest that the admission fees on students' days—about 2,000/- yearly—and the profits from the sale of catalogues might be utilised for the purchase of pictures. The Treasury refuses to grant these requests, but promises to sanction an advance of 2,000/- to buy pictures within the present year, if any important occasion arises.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S HOME LIFE IN BERLIN is neatly sketched by a lady correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*. She describes the Chancellor's residence in the Wilhelmstrasse as old, dull, and ordinary-looking, with a shabby one-horse carriage generally standing before the gate, and shabby old domestics to match, who are so accustomed to open the door to Sovereigns and high personages that they treat all crowned heads with cool indifference. The creed of the house, from Princess Bismarck to the humblest servant, is the worship of Prince Bismarck, and his health is the first consideration. So the Chancellor's body physician, Dr. Schweninger, rules the establishment and keeps a sharp eye on the meals served to the Prince, who was formerly much addicted to the pleasures of the table. Now he is only allowed two dishes at each meal, and must drink nothing before the end of the repast. The Prince dines at 6 P.M., and, though most punctual in business, he is generally late for dinner, except on official occasions. When no official guests are present, the Prince will invite some of the ten Privy Councillors who work with him to join his family circle, which consists of the Princess and Count Herbert, his daughter the Countess Rantzau and her husband, Dr. Schweninger and Herr von Rottenburg, the chief of the Chancellery, his closest confidant. After dinner he stretches himself out in a low chair, lights his pipe, and talks vigorously, while his family sit round silent and his huge dog lies at his feet. The Bismarck family are peculiarly reserved, and have scarcely any intimate friends, the Prince preferring the society of his daughter and her children to any outside acquaintances. Except when actually obliged to receive officially, Princess Bismarck sees no society, so ladies are rare in the Wilhelmstrasse. At the Chancellor's "Beer Evenings," however, which are so appreciated in the Berlin Parliamentary world, two ladies are often present, the Princesses Dolly Fürstenberg and Bichette Radziwill, both charming conversationalists.



O'DONNELL VERSUS THE "TIMES"
SKETCHES IN COURT DURING THE TRIAL



THE interview of the Emperors of GERMANY and RUSSIA is now officially announced for Wednesday next. After giving a State banquet at Potsdam to the Diplomatic Body in honour of his accession, Emperor William leaves for Kiel, where he embarks to-day (Saturday) on board the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, commanded by his brother, Prince Henry. Only a small suite, including Count Herbert Bismarck, accompany the Emperor, but his yacht is to be escorted by ironclads and vessels of the training squadron, so as to provide an imposing naval display in Russian waters. In his turn, the Czar intends to meet his brother Sovereign in the Gulf of Finland, coming from Cronstadt, with his wife and son, in his yacht *Derjava*, and also accompanied by an ironclad escort. Emperor William will go on board the Russian vessel at once, while the Czarevitch, representing the Czar, changes into the *Hohenzollern*, and the two monarchs will subsequently land at Cronstadt, on their way to Peterhof. Probably the German Emperor may not stay more than two days in Russia, and there will be fewer festivities than usual at Imperial visits, owing to his deep mourning. Still, in compliment to William II.'s military tastes, the Czar will hold a large parade of troops at Tsarskoe Selo. Russia is undoubtedly flattered that the new Emperor should be eager to show his friendliness at so early an opportunity, and the tone of the Press has completely altered towards Germany—a contrast to the bitterness of recent utterances. The Russians still protest that this Imperial meeting will affect the Bulgarian Question to Muscovite advantage, flatly disregarding Austria's recent plain declarations on Eastern policy. As the interview draws nearer the surmises and speculations regarding the result proportionately increase, but they are mere repetitions of previous arguments on a Russo-German understanding—hopes in Russia, guarded utterances in Germany, and fears in France, Austria, and the Eastern States.

At home, in GERMANY, the bitter controversy over the late Emperor's illness rages afresh, owing to the publication of the official medical report. This document is drawn up chiefly by Drs. Bergmann, Gerhardt, Schrader, and other prominent German physicians called in to the case, but contains no statements from either of the English doctors, or from Professors Leyden, Senator, and Krause, who were also in charge at the last. Indeed, the report is mainly a violent indictment against Sir Morell Mackenzie, declaring that the German doctors asserted the presence of cancer from their earliest consultations in the spring of 1887, and advocated an operation on the larynx, but that their treatment was directly opposed and contradicted by the English specialist, on whom lies the responsibility. Further, Dr. Bergmann accuses Sir Morell of extracting a portion for examination from the healthy vocal chord instead of from the swelling itself. The patient was ready for the operation on the larynx, and showed the utmost fortitude throughout. On his side, Sir Morell Mackenzie absolutely denies the truth of these accusations, but declares that he cannot refute them in detail at present, owing to State reasons. A great portion of the German press, who by no means lean towards the English, condemn the report as a one-sided party statement. Many of the details have been given previously, and it is generally acknowledged that the chief effect of the report is to stir up strife without throwing any useful light on the question.—Much bitterness is felt in Alsatian affairs, owing to the disclosures of treason on the frontier at the recent trial of the railway official Dietz for furnishing information to the French Government. Dietz is condemned to ten years' penal servitude and loss of civil rights, his wife to a similar penalty for four years, and an accomplice to a year's imprisonment and nine years' detention in a fortress. For the future all lawyers in Alsace-Lorraine are to keep their books in the German language. An important measure has just been approved by the Federal Council—the Workmen's Insurance Bill, so warmly advocated by Prince Bismarck. This Bill provides pensions for sick and aged workpeople, the funds being raised in three parts. Thus, the Government furnishes one-third by taxes, another is contributed by employers of labour, who are to pay weekly 2½d. for each workman, and 1½d. for each workwoman, half of the rate to be deducted from the wages. The workpeople themselves contribute the remaining third, and will be eligible for pensions at the age of seventy.

Political parties in FRANCE are unusually active in this dead season, for both Royalists and Boulangists are appealing to the people. But the Comte de Paris' Manifesto to the Mayors will not greatly further his cause, save in affording his followers reason to carp at the Republicans for intolerance in seizing the documents. As soon as the Government heard of the affair the police searched the rooms of two Royalist journalists, and eventually stopped most of the manifestoes in bales at the railway stations, not, however, before a good share had reached some of the twenty thousand Mayors, whom the Comte de Paris addressed. The Manifesto contains no specially interesting remarks, but simply abuses the Republic, and offers Monarchy as a remedy for all evils, declaring that at present the French people are divided into two sections—the Oppressors and the Oppressed. Nor has General Boulanger anything more novel to say than the Royalist Pretender. The General has been stumping his native province Brittany, where he seems to have met with a very fair reception. His war-cry is still "Revision of the Constitution," and at the banquet at Rennes he posed as a man of peace, not "an ambitious man or a Caesar," but an advocate of national reform, in order to make France prosperous and respected. He, too, bade for the support of the new Mayors, who are being courted on all sides. There has been little stirring in the Chamber, except the passing of the Workmen's Insurance Bill, and M. de Mahy's unfavourable account of the naval coast defences, which he declares formed a national peril. Cherbourg and Brest were especially exposed and feeble. Probably the House will adjourn next week.

PARIS expects to celebrate her National Fête to-day with extra zeal, for the bad weather has kept at home most of the Parisians, who usually rush away in July. Beginning early in the morning with distributions of alms to the poor, the festivities will include the usual school parade, free theatrical performances, a review of the Paris garrison, banquets of all descriptions, and fireworks to close the evening. Boulogne has been feting the Minister of Public Works, who came to see the new breakwater, now virtually completed. A singular trial has been held at Toulon, where a local wine-manufacturer, M. de Villeneuve, has been arraigned for introducing poisonous material into his wines. Several persons died, and 50 were seriously ill through drinking the wine, so M. de Villeneuve has been punished for causing grievous bodily harm.

In EASTERN AFFAIRS the proposed divorce of the King and Queen of SERVIA holds the first place. Though a love-match, the union has been unhappy ever since the birth of the Crown Prince, owing both to domestic and political differences between husband and wife. As a Russian by birth Queen Natalie has always favoured the Muscovite party in Servia, while the King lately leaned towards Austria, and the breach widened when King Milan came back somewhat ingloriously from the Servo-Bulgarian campaign. The Queen did not disguise her contempt for her husband, and—it is

confidently stated—invited to depose him in favour of the Crown Prince, so that she might have become Regent. Eventually the quarrel culminated last summer, when the Queen and Crown Prince left Servia, and, after vain efforts at reconciliation and an unsuccessful meeting between the Royal pair, King Milan demanded a divorce and the custody of his child. The Queen is deaf to all proposals of the kind, maintains that King Milan cannot divorce her without due cause, and that she will not give up her son. She refused even to see Bishop Demetrius, who came from the Bulgarian Synod to propose a compromise. Thus, King Milan offered that, provided she did not return to Servia, the Queen should retain her rights and income as Queen Consort, and that she should keep her son with her in Germany for four-and-a-half years longer, although the Prince was to spend his holidays with his father. These conditions being refused the King is determined at least to get a judicial separation, and to take away his son. The German authorities have notified Queen Natalie that they cannot protect her in this respect, and strongly advise her to accept a compromise. Her Majesty's obstinacy has turned the tide of public opinion decidedly in favour of King Milan. Only this week the dispute has been settled which primarily caused the late Servo-Bulgarian War. A joint Commission has been delimiting the contested pasture land in the Bregovo district, satisfying both parties by a mutual exchange of ground. Brigandage in EASTERN ROUMELIA has now culminated in an attack on the railway station at Bellova, where the brigands carried off two Austrian railway officials, two Greek *employés*, and a rich merchant from Sofia. Troops have been sent in pursuit.

In BELGIUM the Committee of Inquiry into the North Sea Fisheries' difficulties have issued their report. They recommend various reforms and agreements with neighbouring countries, and point out that the native fishermen are placed at a disadvantage by foreigners being allowed in Belgian territorial waters, although no corresponding privilege exists in other countries. To avoid conflicts between the crews, every smack-owner or master should be compelled to take out a license for his capacity to command, and to answer for the character of his men. Instead of a special tribunal for maritime disputes, experts should be added to the existing tribunals, and increased legal powers given to the commanders of the cruisers protecting the fisheries.

In INDIA the famous child-marriage case of Rukmabhai is ended at last, four years' litigation resulting in a compromise. The husband, having obtained legal recognition of his rights over his wife, agrees not to execute the decree nor to assert his claim to Rukmabhai's property, in consideration of receiving monetary damages. He is satisfied with having established the principle that a Hindoo can legally enforce such rights, but public opinion is distinctly against him, and it is widely felt that the law should be altered. For the present all is quiet on the Sikkim frontier, where Gnatong is left undisturbed, and the Tibetans are quitting the Jalapa Pass to congregate in force towards the north. Considerable scandal has been aroused by the disastrous treatment of a detachment of the Queen's Regiment. They were brought from Burma to Calcutta in a very sickly condition, and then despatched to Umballa by train in terrific heat, although such travelling in the hot season is expressly forbidden, except in case of dire necessity. Twenty-three men fell ill or died by the way, and the remainder reached their goal well-nigh broken down. The dacoits in BURMA are more than usually troublesome just now, and have begun to destroy the railways and telegraphs. Hitherto the railways have been respected, but this attack is due to a strong band from the Tharrawaddy district in Lower Burma, which has been British territory for many years and harboured few malcontents. Lately, however, the heavy police-tax has driven the people to desperation.

Tariff reform chiefly absorbs the UNITED STATES. It is the keynote struck by both Presidential candidates, and has seriously divided the Republican party in the electoral contest. While President Cleveland, in his recent letter to the Tammany Hall Democrats, virtually advocates Free Trade principles, and warmly condemns a system of taxation which results in "a useless and dangerous" surplus in the Treasury, Mr. Harrison deliberately endorses the Protection platform, when accepting the nomination as Republican candidate for the Presidency. Some important Republicans, alarmed by the "free whisky" plank, incline to follow President Cleveland in his efforts to reduce the Treasury surplus. Indeed, so deep is the feeling on the liquor question that a Senate Committee has drafted an amendment to the Constitution, proposing that the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of all alcoholic liquor, as a beverage, shall be prohibited throughout the United States. Meanwhile the Lower House is slowly going through Mr. Mills' Tariff Bill, which will probably pass in a few days, but will be hotly opposed in the Senate, the Republicans having prepared a counter-project. The weather is as disturbed as the political atmosphere, for disastrous storms have occurred in the North-Eastern States, from Wisconsin to New York. Buildings and crops were demolished, and many persons killed. An enormous freshet has also affected the Monongahela river, flooding some 250 miles near Pittsburg.—The Irish-American press is full of the O'Donnell case and declares that the *Times* and Mr. O'Donnell were in collusion.

The rising in ZULULAND spreads to a considerable extent, thanks to the influence exercised by Dinizulu and the recent reverses of loyal native chiefs. Probably the disaffected tribes muster about 4,000 men, while the European troops at hand do not exceed 420, although a reinforcement of nearly 700 is on the way. Happily there is a good supply of native levies and police available, and a strong detachment has gone to the aid of Mr. Pretorius, the British sub-Commissioner with Somkeli, who is hemmed round in an out-of-the-way part of the Inkandla district, with only a few followers. Nevertheless, Mr. Pretorius managed to beat off the rebels who attacked his post last week.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, nearly 2,000 miles of railways are to be constructed in ITALY, mostly in the Southern Provinces, where large districts are wholly without railway communication. The construction will occupy ten years.—RUSSIA celebrates the 200th anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into the Empire, with great ceremony, on the 27th inst. The chief festivities will take place at Kieff, where Christian doctrines were first planted; but the day will be kept throughout all Russia, with Church ceremonies and military parades. The Russians are much alarmed at the increase of English influence in PERSIA, especially since the arrival of the new British Minister.—A serious revolt has broken out in JAVA, where the insurgents have killed numerous Europeans.—During the recent interruption of cable communication with England, an experiment in mobilisation was held in VICTORIA, to test the Colonial defences.

THE BANQUET ON THE EIFFEL TOWER in Paris which over 3,000 Mayors are to enjoy to-day (Saturday) will certainly be a unique entertainment. It takes place on the second storey of the Tower, at a height of 300 feet, where not only the guests, but a body of 1,300 waiters must be accommodated, with eighty cooks working hard in a tent a little lower down. The Mayors will have to mount over 600 steps, the ascent occupying nearly twenty minutes up a spiral and tiring iron staircase. From their airy banqueting-hall, however, they will enjoy a magnificent view over Paris and the suburbs for many miles away.



THE QUEEN goes to the Isle of Wight next Tuesday. Her Majesty has been giving audiences to numerous members of the Corps Diplomatique, and at the end of last week received the Austrian Ambassador, who presented his letters of recall. Countess Karolyi was also received, and afterwards the Persian Minister had an audience. On Saturday Count and Countess Karolyi dined with the Queen, Lady Frances Baillie also joining the party. Next morning the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry, attended Divine Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum, where Canon Duckworth officiated, and in the evening the Canon dined with the Royal party. The Duke d'Aumale lunched with Her Majesty on Monday, when Prince and Princess Christian dined with the Queen, and Princess Frederica of Hanover arrived on a visit. On Tuesday Her Majesty knighted Messrs. Charles Hallé, Stainer, Hassard, G. B. Bruce, and G. D. Harris, while Prince and Princess Henry went to Greenwich for the Princess to lay the foundation stone of the Jubilee Almshouses. They also visited Spitalfields, on Wednesday, to open a bazaar in aid of the Christ Church Hall and Club Rooms.—The Court mourning for the late German Emperor was lightened on Saturday, white and grey being now permitted instead of black alone.

The Prince and Princess of Wales continue at Sandringham with their daughters. Next week, however, they resume their public engagements, coming to town to open the Great Northern Central Hospital, Holloway Road, on Tuesday. On the following Saturday the Princess will present the prizes to the successful Volunteers at Wimbledon. Meanwhile the Prince and Princess and daughters on Sunday attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church, where the Rev. F. Hervey officiated, and on Monday the Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin arrived on a visit. The Prince and Princess will shortly spend a few days in the Isle of Wight before leaving for the Continent, when the Prince goes to Royat, and the Princess to Schwalbach for the waters.—Prince Albert Victor will receive the freedom of the City of York on the 27th inst., when he opens the new lock at Naburn-on-the-Ouse, near York.

The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince George of Wales have returned to Malta with the Mediterranean Squadron from cruising on the Italian and Spanish coasts.—The Duchess of Albany on Saturday gave away the prizes at the Warehousesmen, Clerks, and Drapers Schools, Russell Hill, Caterham Junction.—The Prince of Naples will not come to England till October, owing to the English Court being at present in too deep mourning to receive visitors.—The Empress Dowager Victoria of Germany will probably go to Florence in the autumn and stay at the Villa Palmieri, where the Queen resided last spring. It is the Empress's youngest daughter, Princess Margaret, who is mentioned as the probable bride for the Czarevitch. The Princess, however, is only sixteen, and the Czarevitch twenty-one years of age.—Prince Alexander of Battenberg narrowly escaped a bad accident on Sunday. When driving near Heiligenberg, his horse took fright close to a precipice, and turned the carriage over the mountain-side. The Prince fell forty feet, but saved himself by clinging to a bush, and was only slightly injured.—The Emperor of Brazil has quite recovered from his dangerous illness, and sails from Bordeaux for home on the 5th prox.



THE OPERA.—The Royal Italian Opera will close next Saturday, and with it the summer musical season of 1888 will come to an end. *Aida* will be given to-night (Saturday), and both Boito's *Mefistofele* and Meyerbeer's *Roberto* are in rehearsal; though whether both or either of them will eventually be performed is at least doubtful. Since we last wrote Mr. Harris has revived *Guillaume Tell*, and has introduced a new Carmen. The latter, Mlle. Zélie de Lussan, is a New York girl, born of mixed French and Spanish parentage, and she bears a striking likeness to Madame Adelina Patti. So far, we believe, she has only yet appeared with the Boston "Ideals," a troupe formed for the performance of light opera, but which last year added *Carmen* to its repertory. Although she cannot, of course, yet be called a great *prima donna*, Mlle. de Lussan is an artist of high promise. She is possessed of a pretty mezzo-soprano voice, which, doubtless owing to indifferent training, is weak in its highest and lowest, and strongest in the middle register. This, be it said, must not be taken to mean that the young lady's vocal organs have a limited compass, and it is quite possible (which we are, indeed, given to understand is a fact) that her voice was at first considered a *contra*:to, but that it has since been developed upwards into the mezzo-soprano register, and that under proper guidance the artist may eventually find herself a true soprano. Such errors are very commonly made by singing-masters as to male voices, and we may cite in evidence the fact that three eminent tenors of the present day, to wit, M. Jean de Reszke, the tenor star of the opera, Mr. Sims Reeves, our representative English tenor, and Mr. Shakespeare, who, although he has almost forsaken the concert platform, is one of the busiest of teachers, each and all, under the advice of their several professors, first publicly sang as baritones. We should accordingly not at all be surprised if after next season Mlle. de Lussan re-appeared here as a soprano, when, particularly if she studies parts out of the hackneyed repertory, her great intelligence and gifts bid fair to win for her a high position on the operatic stage.

As to *Guillaume Tell* there is little doubt that its present unpopularity is due to a long course of ill-treatment on the part of *impresarios*. Mr. Harris has altered a good deal of this, and in M. Lassalle he has at any rate supplied a first-rate *Tell*, and in M. Edouard de Reszke a capital *Walter*. Furthermore, he has had Mr. Beverley's scenery touched up, and has also increased the choir, to the great benefit of the choruses in the first act, and in the scene of the gathering of the Cantons. For the rest, M. Prevost, the Arnold, succeeded rather better than last year, and the ladies of the cast failed, as usual, to invest their parts with any dramatic significance. We speak, of course, of the first performance, and not of the repetition of the opera announced for Thursday of the present week. Besides these works *Faust* has been repeated, and *Lohengrin* has been announced twice; for the last time on Wednesday, after which performance Madame Albani left London for her holiday.

GERMAN OPERA.—We understand that negotiations are in progress for the appearance next season of a strong troupe, under the management of Herr Julius Hoffman, the *impresario* of Cologne, for Metropolitan performances of German opera by eminent artists. The manager will come to London next month to see if matters can be arranged, and a strong guarantee has already been secured. The only difficulty likely to arise is with the vocalists, who seem to imagine that after they have crossed the Channel their salaries should be increased three-fold.

THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL.—The first edition of the prospectus for the Hereford Festival has just been issued. The Festival will commence on Sunday, September 9th, when a performance will be held in the Cathedral of Dr. Langdon Colborne's short oratorio *Samuel*. The work, we believe, includes certain well-known hymns which are intended to be sung by the congregation in unison. The Festival sermon will be preached by Canon Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Professor of Music at Oxford University. The morning concerts will include *Elijah*, September 11th, Handel's *Samson* (with additional accompaniments by Mr. E. Prout), and Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, 12th; Cherubini's Mass in D minor, Cowen's *Melbourne* Exhibition "Song of Thanksgiving," Dr. Parry's "Siren's Ode," and Ouseley's *St. Polycarp*, 13th; and the *Messiah*, 14th. The evening programmes will be formed of Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, 11th; part of Haydn's *Creation*, Spohr's *God Thou art Great*, and Schubert's *Song of Miriam*, 12th; a miscellaneous concert on the 13th, and a chamber concert on the 14th. The chief artists will be Messdames Albani and Enríquez, Misses Anna Williams, Ambler, and Hilda Wilson; Messrs. Lloyd, Banks, Brereton, and Santley.

END OF THE SERIAL CONCERTS.—The whole of the serial concerts of the season are now ended. The last were Sir Charles Hallé's concert on Friday, when the pianist played Beethoven's Sonata Op. III., and the programme was otherwise equally familiar; Dr. Richter's final concert; and the fourth concert given on Wednesday by Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse. At Dr. Richter's performance Beethoven's colossal *Messe Solennelle* in D was repeated. Mr. Lloyd once more undertook the tenor part, but the choir did not sing so well as when this most difficult work was last given under Richter in 1886, when the services of a number of the famous Leeds Festival choristers were enlisted.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—It is neither necessary nor desirable to give more than the briefest notice of about thirty of the miscellaneous concerts of the past week. For example, at Mr. Ganz's concert at Dudley House that gentleman played, and his daughter, Miss Georgina Ganz, sang familiar songs.—On Saturday Mr. Ralph Stuart, an English pianist, who needs further experience, played a programme of Chopin's music.—Concerts have also been given by Mr. Alfred Napoleon, the Hyde Park Academy, and Royal College Students, Mr. Wade, Signor Cristofaro, M. Ducci, M. De Lara, Signor Villa, Mlle. Gayard Pacini, and others.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—The students of this College on Wednesday gave, at the Savoy Theatre, a performance of Nicolai's opera *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which was last performed in London by the Carl Rosa Company at the Adelphi in 1878. This light and pretty work, presents no great difficulties to the executants, and affords fairly good parts to a large number of students. Professor Stanford conducted and the stage show was directed by Mr. Arthur Cecil. The cold weather affected the intonation of more than one of the vocalists, but the performance on the whole was very creditable.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Promenade Concerts will commence at Covent Garden on the 11th prox., and it is announced that during five weeks of the season Mr. Sims Reeves will sing twice weekly.—Glinka's *Life for the Czar* was produced in Russian by the Russian Opera Company at Manchester on Monday. Tschaikowsky's *Mazeppa* (the first novelty of the season) is announced for next week.—Lord Herschell will take the chair at the banquet to be given to Sir John Stainer next Tuesday.—At the Munich Opera House, Wagner's boyish opera, *Die Feen*, was recently revived, but with very little success.



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT'S visits to London are one unbroken series of triumphs. Her performance in *Theodora* last year, sombre and depressing as was the play and the part, was received with enthusiasm; and, if anything, the reception that awaited this marvellous actress's impersonation of the heroine of M. Sardou's latest work, *La Tosca*, at the LYCEUM, on Monday evening, was even more remarkable. For good or evil, Madame Bernhardt seems now under M. Sardou's inspiration to have given up her genius to melodrama of the picturesquely harrowing kind; and, if the end and aim of histrionic art is to afford satisfaction to the play-going public, she is abundantly justified. For ourselves, we do not feel disposed to join in the condemnation which the dramatist and his leading exponent have received at the hands of no small proportion of the critics of the French stage. Plays are not to be dismissed with the mere epithet, "melodramatic." Melodrama, too, is a good thing in its way. Like the book that was "writ of late called 'Tetrachordon,'" it has in its time "numbered good intellects." Shakespeare himself has not disdained on occasion to forsake the field of pure imagination and o'erstep the modesty of Nature for the sake of melodramatic effects, and his most distinguished contemporaries have revelled in the same fascinating, though, no doubt, lower order of Art. In the robust play-going-days of Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Bertram, and "Monk" Lewis, the term "melodrama" had no repellent sound, and in these times of healthy revival of the taste for the theatre there are signs that melodrama—partly concealed under the more popular name of "romantic drama"—is coming again into favour, though, happily, concurrently with a revived passion for higher and nobler forms of dramatic literature. What distinguishes *La Tosca* from the ordinary romantic play is its predominant sombre tone, and, above all, its sorrowful *dénouement*. But these are not objections from the point of view of honest Art; rather is the dramatist to be praised for carrying a tragic theme to its logical and true development. The real objection to *La Tosca* is that its most dramatic scenes tend to tax the feelings of the spectator to a point at which pity merges in horror and loathing.

But, when all this has been said, and when it is conceded that the tragic elements are not unfamiliar to those who are versed in the repertory of the Porte St. Martin, *La Tosca* is still a grand, a masterly, and a powerful play. The scene in which the gay, heartless, and unscrupulous regent of police, Scarpia, causes Mario, the lover of the Italian singer, Floria Tosca, to be tortured, while within the range of the groans of his victim he plays upon the feelings of this unhappy woman to extort the secret of where Mario's friend is hiding from his pursuers, enables Madame Bernhardt to exhibit every phase of her pathetic power and passion. Grand still is the scene in which, driven by this wretch to accede, or, rather, feign to accede, to a shameful bargain for the sake of saving her lover, she baffles her tempter's hideous purpose by plunging a knife into his heart. It was difficult to conceive that the woman who, terrible in her hate and loathing, exults with ferocious glee over the dying form of this monster, is the same actress whose joyous spirit, whose pretty waywardness, whose exquisite feminine graces, whose tender avowals of love in the most musical of accents, had held the spectators in the earlier scenes under a spell of enchantment. There can be no true climax to a scene that puts so great a strain on the feelings of the spectators as that in which Scarpia, with the lighted candles at his side and the crucifix on his breast, is left dead on the floor by the woman who calmly and mournfully passes out through the half-open door as the drop-scene

descends on the fourth act. Nevertheless, the final incident, in which she discovers that the man she has slain has played a vile trick on her after the fashion attributed in the grim historical story to the infamous Colonel Kirke, and that her lover has been shot in reality, certainly does not fall below the tragic intensity of the former episode. It was almost with a sense of relief that the breathless audience, after this, saw the persecuted Floria leap from the parapet into the waters of the Tiber, shouting words of hatred and defiance to the soldier who endeavoured in vain to thwart her purpose. "If music be the food of love, play on," says the love-sick Duke in *Twelfth Night*; and so we say to M. Sardou, if melodrama be capable of inspiring acting so transcendent in all its varied phases, let us by all means have melodrama of the stamp of *La Tosca*. The overshadowing greatness of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's impersonation almost compels us to do some injustice to the merits of her associates; for space now fails us to give adequate recognition to the noble self-possession and genuine passion of M. Duménil's performance as the painter, Mario; to the subtle portraiture of M. Berton's impersonation of the gay and cynical monster, Scarpia; to the handsome presence and severe dignity of Madame Jane Méa's Queen Marie Caroline, together with other impersonations well deserving of notice. It is observable that the minor parts at the Lyceum are without an exception well played—a merit not always observable when Parisian successes are reproduced for a necessarily brief space on the London stage. These remarks, however, are limited to the speaking parts; for some of the *personae mutae* of the play, and notably a group of what appeared to be British officers among the guests at the *soirée* in the Palazzo Farnese, appeared but ill at ease in their badly-fitting wigs and somewhat incongruous attire. The locality and period of the action, which is supposed to pass in Rome at the commencement of the present century, give occasion for a most picturesque display of costumes. Madame Bernhardt's tall cane and gown, *en Merveilleuse de Directoire*, together with the stately dress of the Queen and other sumptuous displays of high-waisted frocks and wondrous *peignoirs*, will doubtless move the connoisseurs in such matters to unfeigned raptures; for *La Tosca* is clearly predestined to be the talk of the town.

Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole both brought their seasons to a close on Saturday evening, preparatory to long rounds of provincial performances. From the speech of Mr. Irving, which is now an indispensable feature of these occasions, the LYCEUM audience learns that Miss Ellen Terry contemplates a much needed rest, and that her place will be filled in the company on tour by her sister, Miss Marion Terry. After a reference to Madame Sarah Bernhardt's season, and to the ensuing appearance of Mr. Richard Mansfield on the same stage in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Mr. Irving confirmed the rumour that he designs to reappear next season in *Macbeth*. Miss Ellen Terry is to play Lady Macbeth for the first time, and Sir Arthur Sullivan is to write music especially for this revival.

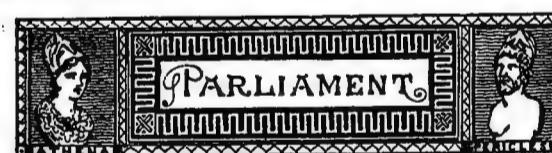
Another dramatic version of *Mr. Barnes of New York* may tempt some cynic to say, like Dr. Johnson, when the hack libeller pleaded that he "must needs live," that the need is not obvious. Nevertheless, the praise that is due to a skilful piece of work evincing some originality of invention, must be accorded to Mr. W. Calvert's play, founded on this novel, and brought out at SADLER'S WELLS on Saturday evening. The piece is cleverly provided with effective "curtains," as they are called, and the story is set forth with a good eye to dramatic effect. The part of Marina revealed considerable talent in Miss Sophie Fane, an actress who is likely to be better known ere long to the play-going public. Mr. Calvert was vociferously called for at the close of the performance, but did not appear, a fact which may be a tribute either to the modesty of a novice, or to the desire of a more distinguished hand to conceal himself under a *nom de guerre*. Who is Mr. Calvert? was the inquiry in the lobby; but nobody seemed to know.

The new nautical romantic drama, by Messrs. Grundy and Pettitt, entitled *The Union Jack*, which has so long been in preparation at the ADELPHI, is to be produced on Thursday evening next.

Mr. Lionel Brough has entered upon a four week's season at TOOLE'S Theatre, with *The Paper Chase*, an amusing piece, brought out at a recent matinée.

The Pompadour at the HAYMARKET reaches to-night its hundredth and last performance.

The final performance of *The Squire* will take place on Saturday next, when the reign of Messrs. Hare and Kendal at the ST. JAMES'S will come to an end.



PUBLIC interest in the libel case which opened in the Court of Queen's Bench at the beginning of last week was suddenly transferred to the House of Commons, where on Friday the serenity of a morning sitting was disturbed by the appearance of Mr. Parnell, who rose to make a personal statement on matters concerning him, introduced by the Attorney-General in his speech for the defendant in the case of O'Donnell v. the *Times*. The morning papers had announced Mr. Parnell's intention of appealing to the tribunal of the House of Commons, and the benches were accordingly filled, in a manner unfamiliar at a morning sitting. Mr. Gladstone was early in his place, and even Lord Hartington was so far moved by the interest of the hour as to put in an appearance by half-past two.

Every bench was filled when Mr. Parnell rose, members overflowing into the side galleries, and thronging the space by the Bar. It was a terrible position for a man to stand in. There had been no circumlocution about the charges alleged by the Attorney-General, which simply amounted to an indictment as an accessory to murder. But Mr. Parnell, whatever his feelings may be, is not accustomed to display them in the oratorical manner familiar with Mr. O'Brien, for example. There was a time, when he first made himself known to the House of Commons, when he was accustomed to address it with almost blood-curdling savagery of manner and intonation. On Friday he was absolutely, and apparently unaffectedly, calm, discussing the matter as coolly as if the subject matter were Mr. Donnelly's cryptogram. The Attorney-General had read certain letters purporting to be written by Mr. Parnell, and admitting something like collusion, if not absolute complicity, with the assassins of Lord Frederick Cavendish. Citing the letters one by one, Mr. Parnell quietly but firmly denied their authenticity. Speaking of one, he said, "I never wrote it, I never signed it, I never directed it to be written, I never authorised it to be written, I never saw it"—a comprehensive declaration applied, in slightly varied terms, to all the other letters. Here for a time the matter rested, the House listening in silent attention, as far as the Conservative Benches were concerned, not free from polite incredulity to Mr. Parnell's disclaimer. Outside, public opinion was less reticent, and in the course of forty-eight hours it was made clear that something more was needed. All sorts of advice were proffered. Some urged that, after what had passed in the Court of Queen's Bench, the only satisfactory action that could be taken by Mr. Parnell would be to challenge his accusers in a Court of Law. Others said it was the duty of the Attorney-General, avowedly having in his possession irrefragable proof of Mr. Parnell's guilt, to indict him on the charge of being accessory to murder. A few urged that at least a Select Committee of the

House of Commons, empowered to hear witnesses on oath, should inquire into the matter. Mr. Parnell accepted this last alternative, and on Monday asked Mr. Smith if, on the part of the Government, he would agree to grant the Committee. Mr. Smith declined, and Mr. Parnell forthwith placed on the paper a notice of motion for the appointment of a Select Committee, reference to which disturbed the proceedings of the House at a later period of the week.

On Tuesday the House was crowded in anticipation of a statement by the First Lord of the Treasury as to the final revision of the Ministerial programme. In some quarters assertion was confidently put forth that an Autumn Session had been decided upon. But, though the Orders of the Day contained a notice of motion by Mr. Smith appropriating all the remaining time for Government business, no reference was made to an Autumn Session. Mr. Smith delivered an unusually long address in moving the Resolution, the opening portion of which seemed to dissipate fears or hopes of an Autumn Session. He laid down the principle that the first duty of the House must be to pass the Local Government Bill. After that, and before holiday could be talked of, Supply must be voted, and the Appropriation Bill brought in. As nobody supposes that even with a Session painfully prolonged more could be done, this was work enough for the year, and Mr. Smith went on to sketch a scheme of an Autumn Session in which the valuable Bills dealt with by Grand Committees should be taken up and added to the Statute Book. Lord Randolph Churchill, in a powerful speech, the sting of which was not modified by his profuse professions of friendly feeling towards his former colleagues, demonstrated the hardihood of Mr. Smith's sanguine prognostications. The First Lord's idea was that the Local Government Bill and Supply could be comfortably disposed of early in August. Then would come the adjournment, and members coming back in October after reasonable holiday would take up the dropped threads of the Sessional programme. Lord Randolph Churchill asserted, evidently carrying with him the conviction of the crowded House, that to pass the Local Government Bill in Supply would occupy at least two months, thus landing the House in September, with the prospect of a supplementary Session in October.

Mr. Gladstone was present, and closely followed the statements of the Leader of the House. By a single word uttered in support of Lord Randolph Churchill's contention he could have upset the Ministerial scheme. There was no doubt that Lord Randolph had carried the House with him, and the noble lord plainly shared the general expectation that the Leader of the Opposition, whose statutory duty it is to oppose, would back him up. To the manifest surprise of the House, and the obvious relief of right hon. gentlemen on the Treasury Bench, Mr. Gladstone declared that, on the whole, Mr. Smith's proposition was the best that could be made. He was evidently drawn by the argument that, unless the Local Government Bill was passed before September, it could not come into operation next year. The House listened in ominous silence to this unexpected declaration. But on the Liberal Benches, now much more than when Mr. Gladstone was Premier, his word is law. Some futile efforts were made to extract a pledge from Mr. Smith that the adjournment should take place in the first week in August. But Mr. Smith, nerved by the support of an unexpected ally, stood firm in his resolve not to embarrass himself by such a pledge, and it was finally settled that the Government should take all the remaining hours of the Session so as to pass the Local Government Bill and the Appropriation Bill, with a curiously vague understanding about the Autumn Session.

On Tuesday five clauses of the Local Government Bill were passed. On Wednesday Clause 36 occupied the whole of the sitting. This is the first of the London clauses, and bristles with amendments. The discussion was of the customary business character, and there was no attempt at factious opposition. But there were nearly three pages of amendments to this one clause, and when the House rose there yet remained a dozen amendments before the clause could be added to the Bill.



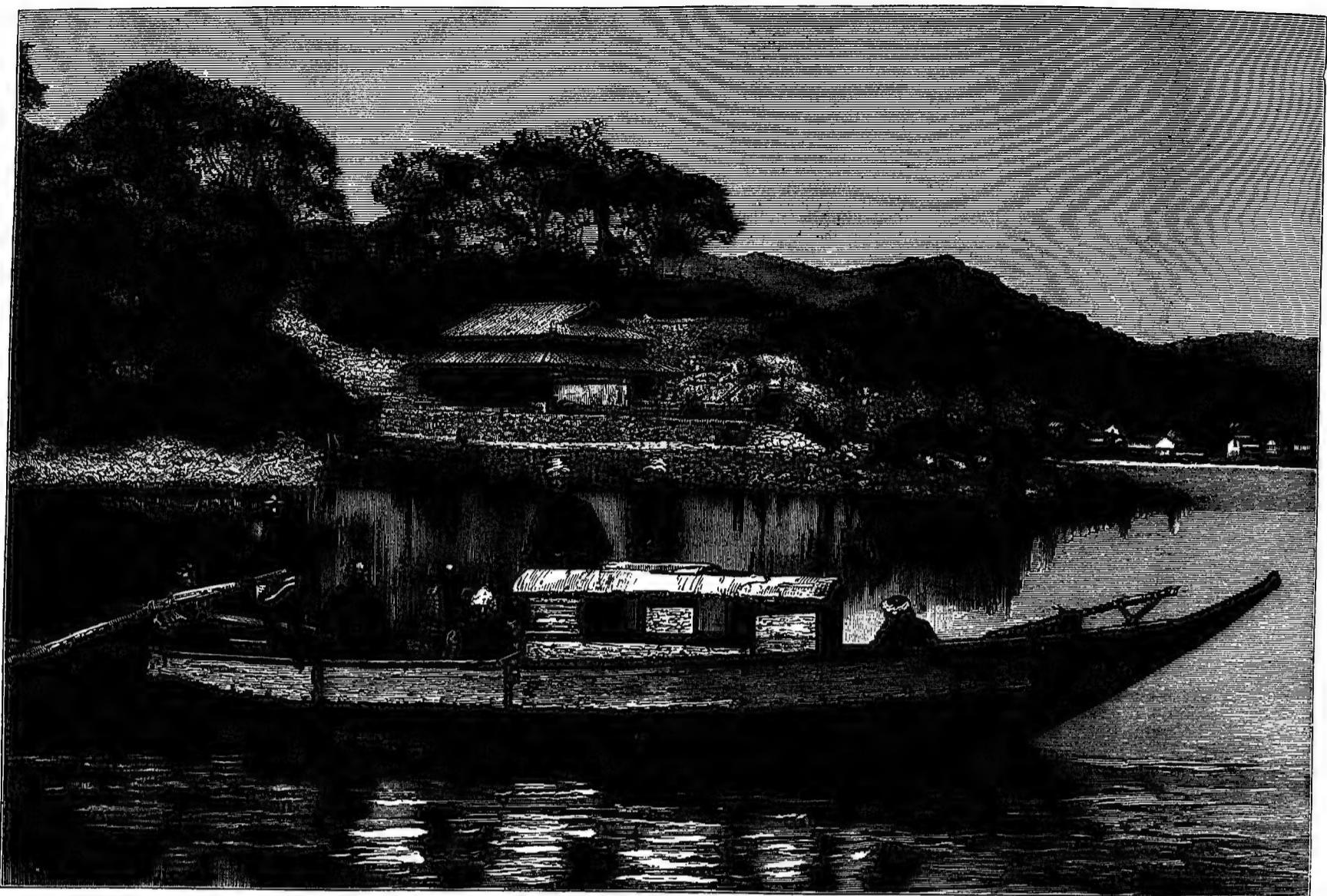
THE TURF.—Some high prices were realised in the July Sales at Newmarket last week, the highest being the 2,600 guineas given by Captain Machell for a colt by Sterling—Cherry Duchess from the Yardley Stud. Considering that Lord Calthorpe had previously skimmed the cream from the Blankney yearlings, the remaining five brought very good prices, the average for the young Hermits being 700 guineas.

Gold was well backed for the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket, on Thursday, last week, but could only make a dead heat of it with Hamptonia. Oberon scored his second victory during the week, and has since been sold to go to India. Hazlebatch and Franciscan added further wins to their credit. Next day Braw Lass won the July Handicap, Clodpole the Prince of Wales's Cup, and Jersey Lily the Suffolk Plate.

At Liverpool on Tuesday the most noticeable feature was the wonderful success of Fitz-James's offspring, no fewer than five of which were successful. Sir Robert Jardine won the St. George Stakes with Stronvar, the Mersey-Stakes with Duncraggan, and a third event, all the winners being steered by John Osborne. Lord Penrhyn also secured three races, and Mr. Mackenzie won the Molynex Cup with Upset. The last-named was ridden by George Barrett, whose license to ride was restored by the Stewards of the Jockey Club last week. They refused, however, to extend their indulgence in this respect to Wood. Next day Duncraggan scored again in the Gerard Plate, and Dog Rose won the Croxteth Plate. The chief event, of course, was the Liverpool Cup, in which Satiety, who started a hot favourite, scored a clever victory from Ashplant, Tommy Tittlemouse being third. Later in the afternoon Lord Calthorpe was again successful, as Toscano easily secured the Knowsley Dinner Stakes.

At Windsor on Tuesday Minstrel Boy, Guy Mannering, and the veteran Laceman were among the winners, and the chief event, the Royal Plate, fell to Mr. L. De Rothschild's Gagoul; while next day Catterina won the Athens Plate, and Lown the Summer Handicap.

CRICKET.—Tropical rain on Thursday, last week, prevented any play at Lord's and, consequently, for the first time since 1844, the University Match was drawn. It is hardly likely that Oxford would have made the 218 requisite for victory. Their average total was only 162. Lord George Scott headed the averages with 26, Mr. Rashleigh followed with 25, and Mr. Gresson and Mr. Thesiger were the only others with more than 20. On the other hand, Cambridge had two of 30 (Mr. Woods 31, and Mr. Kemp 30), and one of 28 (Mr. Butler), while only two of the others fell below 16. In bowling, Mr. Woods and Mr. Ford took more than 100 wickets between them at a cost of 16 a-piece, while for Oxford, Mr. Croome's 30 for 18 was the best average. Leicestershire, which is always doing surprising things, scored a best on record in this respect when it beat the Australians by 20 runs—a result chiefly due to the bowling of Pougher and Mr. Arnall-Thompson. The Colonists took their revenge on Derbyshire, however, whose batsmen were quite unable to play Turner and Ferris (each of whom has taken more than 100 wickets this season).



A HOUSE-BOAT IN JAPAN



"IT WENT OFF UNEXPECTED LIKE"

THE SLEEPER AWAKENED

EVERY BULLET HAS ITS BILLET



MAJOR RAIKES RECEIVING THE SAWBWA OF KALÉ

MAJOR RAIKES, DEPUTY-COMMISSIONER OF CHINDWIN, MEETING THE CHIN CHIEFS AT INDIN
WITH THE CHINS IN UPPER BURMA

Essex, after being robbed by time of an almost certain victory over Hampshire, easily defeated Hertfordshire, Kent beat Sussex, Middlesex succumbed to Lancashire, and Yorkshire drew both with Notts and Warwickshire. The match of the week was that between Gentlemen and Players at Lord's. On a regular bowler's wicket, the scoring was naturally low, Ulyett's first innings of 38 being the highest individual score, but some remarkable things were done with the ball. Barnes, Peel, and Attewell all bowled admirably, while for the Gentlemen Messrs. Woods and Smith did wonders. The Players in their second innings had to make 78 to win; 72 of these they scored for six wickets, and then the two Cantabs finished off the innings without another run being scored, thus leaving the amateurs victorious by 5 runs. This was their first victory since 1884.—The Cricketers' Fund was shown at the annual meeting to be in a fairly prosperous condition, but it is not so well supported as it should be.

AQUATICS.—Henley was much interfered with, but not utterly spoilt, by rain. The Grand Challenge fell to Thames, which beat a strong Leander crew in the final. With a heavier stroke, Leander would probably have fared better, but the Thames men thoroughly deserved their victory. They also won the Wyfold. Lady Margaret (there is a growing feeling among Johnians that this fancy name for a college boat-club is rather absurd) won the Ladies' Plate and the Thames Challenge Cup, and Trinity Hall the Stewards'; but altogether Cambridge was less to the fore than last year, as the Oxonian, Nickalls, defeated Gardner in the Diamonds after a grand race.—It was rumoured that the Yale Eight, on the strength of an easy victory over Harvard, were coming over to challenge Oxford or Cambridge, but the idea has been abandoned.—At last J. Nuttall, who holds such a multitude of swimming championships, has been defeated. In the Half-Mile Championship, at the Welsh Harp, on Saturday, he could only get third. H. Bowden was first, and J. F. Standing second.

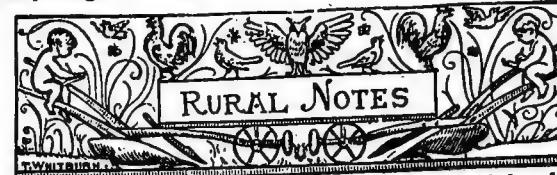
ATHLETIC SPORTS.—Dublin has been the scene of the only important contests held lately. There, on Saturday, in the International Meeting, the Americans (so-called) had it all their own way. F. Westing won the Hundred Yards in "evens," and Conneff did the Mile in 4 min. 26 1/5 sec., but the only "record" performance was that of G. R. Gray, who put the 16 lb. shot no less a distance than 44 ft. 9 in. Gray very nearly managed to win the All-Round Championship (a new importation from the States) on Monday, but succumbed by three points to the redoubtable P. Davies, who showed himself equally at home in feats of strength, running, and jumping.

LAWN TENNIS.—The Oxford and Cambridge matches shared the fate of the cricket-match, and had to be abandoned, owing to rain.—The Championship Meeting at Wimbledon is now in progress. There were twenty-four entries for the chief event. Probably W. Renshaw, who seems to be quite in his old form, will have to meet E. W. Lewis in the final, and the winner will then have to meet Lawford, who is also in capital condition, for the coveted title.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The British football team in Australia continue to lose matches under Victorian rules. Their latest conquerors are Fifteens of Melbourne and Port Melbourne.—The Ninth Lancers beat the Tenth Hussars, and won the Inter-Regimental Polo Cup at Hurlingham, on Saturday.

interesting old monuments in which are altar-tombs of Sir John Crosby (ob. 1475), the founder of Crosby Hall, and of Sir Thomas Gresham (ob. 1579), the founder of the Royal Exchange.

MR. SPURGEON, it is rumoured, thinks of leaving the Baptist and joining the Presbyterian Communion.



THE ROYAL SHOW at Nottingham this year has had the advantage of a fine site in a fine park, and those who left London expecting to find the Show-yard a quagmire, after the order of Royal Shows when held in the metropolis, were pleasantly disappointed. The week, however, has not been free from rain, and the trees which ornamented different parts of the ground proved useful for shelter at times. The Prince of Wales did not attend, as had been originally expected, but it is doubtful if this really affected the number of visitors in the manner which has been, in certain quarters, assumed. The want of warmth and geniality in the weather has been a more serious consideration, but even with this additional drawback the Royal Show of 1883 will probably pay its way. That of last year at Newcastle proved a financial success, and completed the task of wiping off the last remnant of that formidable debt which the disastrous Kilburn Show of 1879 left upon the shoulders of the Society.

THE IMPLEMENT DEPARTMENT opened a day earlier than the rest of the Show, but drew so few visitors that the policy of this "prior commencement" seemed dubious. There were no fewer than 368 stands, with nearly five thousand articles shown by 380 exhibitors. The breach with the great firms noted for their steam ploughs, threshing machines, and steam tackle generally, has happily been healed, and at Nottingham there was a grand display of some of the grandest modern triumphs in scientific agriculture. A new exhibit from Buenos Ayres attracted a good deal of notice. It is an engine constructed for firing with straw, as is usual in South America, and it is mounted upon Fender's patent "endless" railway for crossing, with ease, soft and boggy land. Next perhaps in order of interest were the trials of new hay and straw presses, which have been taking place under the supervision of the Society.

NEW AGRICULTURAL INVENTIONS numbered sixty-nine, but the bulk of these were ingenious applications of old inventions, which none but an expert would have imagined to be of a character to require or justify a new patent. Churns, sheep-dipping apparatus, potato-diggers, chaff-cutters, corn-mills, and minor appliances of the dairy appear to be the exhibits in which the greatest ingenuity is exhibited, and the improvements recently effected being almost always in the direction of increased simplicity and economy, and generally of the two combined, are by no means to be underrated, though, as we have said before, a discontented person might wander between some three hundred stands and complain that he saw little or nothing new.

THE ANIMALS and live stock were generally recognised as particularly high in their mean standard of merit. Horse-breeding in England has made rapid strides of late, while the great breeds of cattle hold their own, and other breeds, like the Sussex, Norfolk, Aberdeen, and Kerry races of cattle are being perfected and brought to the fore. Sheep, too, are a very attractive show, the South Downs, Hampshire Downs, and Oxfordshire Downs, being especially beautiful and symmetrical animals. Perhaps there is a tendency to neglect the long-wooled sheep, but the state of the wool-market must always have a good deal to do with this.

THE CHIEF PRIZES.—The Shire Horse Society's prize for the best stallion in the yard was won by Lord Hindlip with "All Here," a very handsome, strong, thick-set bay-horse, bred by the late Lord Hindlip from the famous sire "Harold." Mr. Freeman Mitford carried off the blue ribbon of the Mare Classes with a beautiful black. In the cattle classes, the Shorthorn Championship for Males was awarded to Mr. Alexander Gordon, of Newton, Aberdeenshire, for the bull "Mario," a beautiful-skinned and very nice-looking, if somewhat lightly-built, roan. The sire "Field Marshal" was recently bought by the Queen. The Championship of the Female Classes went to "Belle Madeleine," the property of Mr. Robert Thompson. Besides these leading victories, it may be noticed that Her Majesty sends seven animals, and the Prince of Wales nineteen, and though the great triumphs of the showyard year after year go elsewhere than to the Palace, yet the Queen this year takes the second prize and two thirds, while the Prince carries two third prizes to Sandringham.

THE SEASON has not yet become summer-like or settled, and already the days are drawing in. The wheat harvest will be very late, the plant being at least three weeks behindhand in coming into bloom. The recent heavy rains, however, should give us a good growth of straw, which should mean three to four pounds sterling per acre to the farmer. If his wheat gives him another six, a total of nine to ten will be attained, and this, where the rent is not heavy, should about pay. Barley and oats have not suffered so much from want of sunshine as the wheat, but it is only the oats which still look like an average crop. The rain has helped the beans, and peas promise well. The effect of the weather upon the hay crop is very doubtful. In the Southern and Eastern counties, a vast quantity has been spoilt, almost even beyond the power of the new ensilage process to make any good of it. But in the North and West, and, in fact wherever the fields were late and backward, the rains have caused a most material increase in the bulk. The fine quality of last year is not likely to be repeated, but then the yield will be a good deal larger in bulk. In the hop districts, the heavy "washing" thunderstorms have done a good deal in clearing the bine of aphides, and, although the cold nights and generally dull weather have prevented rapid growth, the hops have made some advance, and may be considered of average promise, except in gardens where mould has got in.

AGRICULTURAL IMPORTS during the half-year just completed show, by comparison with the same half of 1887, a decrease in the purchases by this country of foreign wheat. This is gratifying evidence of the better home-yield, which has enabled us to do with something like a million-and-a-half quarters less foreign wheat than previously. On the other hand, the imports of barley have increased by over a million, and of oats by 1,250,000 quarters, and a decrease of 900,000 quarters in receipts of maize does not even balance the increase in barley. The long and trying winter, the slow spring growth of grass, and the short hay and root crops of 1887, must be held responsible for the largely increased importation of spring corn. Of cattle, the imports have increased from 1,320,000 to 1,815,000 head, and the number of pigs imported has doubled. This is not a good sign. Of sheep, the requirements from abroad, however, have happily fallen from half-a-million to four hundred and fifty thousand. Of fresh and salt beef, of mutton, of butter, of margarine, and of wool, foreign supply has been materially augmented; the failure of the Margarine Act to check the use of that harmless but, as many think, repellent compound of animal fats, affords food for reflection. The decline in the use of foreign pork is very remarkable; there is no Anti-Semitic League in England, or that body might be in terror of our all becoming Jews. And it is not pork alone, it is unmistakeably "the flesh of

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF LONDON has granted an application from the Vestry and Churchwardens of St. George's, Hanover Square, for a faculty authorising them to convert its disused burial ground into a public garden. An interval of a fortnight is to elapse, during which applications may be made to the Court by persons interested in the preservation of any of the tombstones.

AT A MEETING, presided over by Mr. Justice Grantham, a Committee was formed to raise a fund for reinstating in another part of that crowded and poverty-stricken district the Clare Market Mission chapel, which, after an existence of thirty years, is to be removed to make room for the new Bankruptcy buildings. About 3,000/- will be required. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Twining, 215, Strand, and by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. G. H. Fisher, 5, Pitt Street, Kensington, W.

A MOVEMENT is in progress for the careful and discriminating restoration of the ancient church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, which was founded early in the thirteenth century, and among the

the pig" against which the British gorge seems to have risen. Bacon shows a very big drop, and so does ham. There is also a decline in the imports of tinned meat.



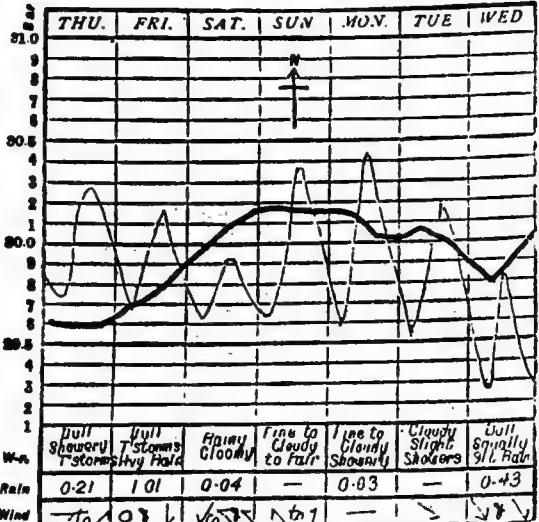
THE "CAUSE CÉLÈBRE" of O'Donnell and the *Times* came to a sudden close after we had gone to press last week, Lord Coleridge not allowing the *Times* to adduce evidence to prove the truth of the alleged libels, and the jury returning a verdict for the defendants, with costs. In consequence of the severe animadversions on Mr. O'Donnell for having, it was represented, made himself, without being authorised, responsible for sayings and doings imputed by the *Times* to Mr. Parnell and Home Rule leaders, other than the plaintiff, Mr. O'Donnell's solicitor wrote to the *Times* a letter, asserting that since the 29th of February last, "every step now proceeding in the course of the recent action was communicated to Mr. Parnell personally, or his representative Mr. Davitt." A Press-agency says that it is authorised by Mr. Parnell to contradict this statement so far as he is concerned, and that, though Mr. Davitt took a different view, he has all along declined to give any assistance to Mr. O'Donnell in his action, or to countenance his proceedings, and that he advised his friends to pursue the same course.

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK WILFRID ELLIS, thirty-five, described as a clerk, and of superior education, has been convicted at Bury St. Edmunds of robbery of a very peculiar and mischievous kind. In 1883 he wrote to the Bishop of Norwich, enclosing what purported to be letters of Orders from the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, constituting him a priest of the Church of Rome, and he added that having been converted from Romanism to Anglicanism, he was giving up a curacy which he then held in the Roman Catholic Communion. The self-proclaimed convert was welcomed into the Anglican fold, and was instituted by the Bishop of Norwich to the curacy of Wetheringsett, and while occupying the living solemnised more than one marriage. At the trial, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford being among the witnesses, it was proved that the letters of Ordination were forgeries, and the prisoner, being found guilty, was sentenced by Mr. Baron Pollock to seven years' penal servitude.

THE WELL-KNOWN MRS. GORDON-BAILLIE, "the crofter's friend," with her *soi-disant* husband, a Mr. Frost, and their alleged confederate, Robert Gigner, a butler, were brought up this week on remand, at the Westminster Police Court, charged with an extensive series of frauds on tradesmen and others. Evidence was adduced to prove that she had obtained, with the co-operation of the male prisoners, quantities of goods of all kinds, which were paid for with cheques dishonoured when presented. Inspector Marshall, who had charge of the case, spoke of her as "an extraordinary woman, one of the greatest swindlers in the country." The prisoners were again remanded, bail being refused.

THE SO-CALLED KESWICK FOOTPATH CASE, which has excited a good deal of more than local interest, has been tried at Carlisle, before Mr. Justice Grantham. The plaintiff, a lady, claimed to prevent public access through her estate to the top of Latrigg after it had been freely allowed for many years. The defendants, the Keswick Footpath Preservation Association, took the matter up with vigour, and, having organised a removal of the obstructions in the form of gates and barricades with which the plaintiff opposed the access in question, she brought this action to restrain them from pursuing that course. After evidence had been given by a number of old people, who said that they had enjoyed free access to the top of Latrigg on the two roads in dispute, and before hearing the plaintiff's rebutting evidence, the Judge recommended a settlement. After an hour's consultation, it was agreed that the public should be allowed free access to the top of Latrigg by one of the roads, but not by the other, each side to pay its own costs. It has been stated that this very compromise was offered a year ago by the defendants, and was rejected by the plaintiff.

WEATHER CHART
FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1883



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (11th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over the British Islands during the past week has again been very unsettled, cool, and showery generally, with local thunderstorms over the Southern half of the country. These unseasonable conditions have been due to depressions which have appeared over various parts of the country from day to day, all passing away in a more or less Easterly course. The winds at first were light and variable in the South, and light from the Northward in the North, but towards the close of the time they blew very strongly from the North-Westward over nearly all parts of the country. Very dull, cloudy weather prevailed generally, with frequent showers in most places, and heavy local rains at times. Severe thunderstorms occurred during Friday (6th inst.) at many of the Southern Stations, including several parts of the Metropolitan area, where the storm was very sharp, and the accompanying rainfall tremendous heavy for a time. Temperature has again been low in all places. Maxima have only reached or slightly exceeded 70° at three stations (Cambridge, Hereford, and Plymouth) in the United Kingdom during the whole week, while they have been frequently below 60°, even so far South as London. Minima have fallen to 40° or less at many Inland places, and at one station in the North-West of England two degrees of frost were registered on Monday (9th inst.) morning. On Wednesday (11th inst.) morning, the 8 a.m. temperature in London was as much as 18° below the average.

The barometer was highest (30.07 inches) on Sunday (8th inst.); lowest (29.49 inches) on Thursday (4th inst.); range 0.58 inch.

The temperature was highest (67°) on Monday (9th inst.); lowest (44°) on Wednesday (11th inst.); range 23°.

Rain fell on five days. Total amount 1.72 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 1.01 inch on Friday (6th inst.).

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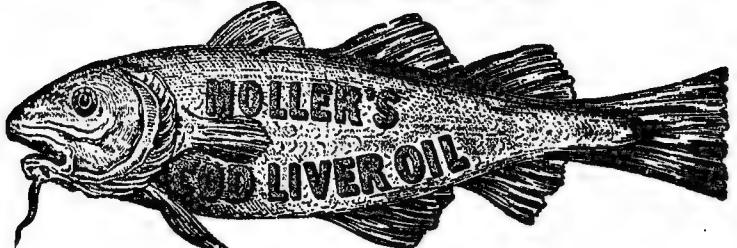
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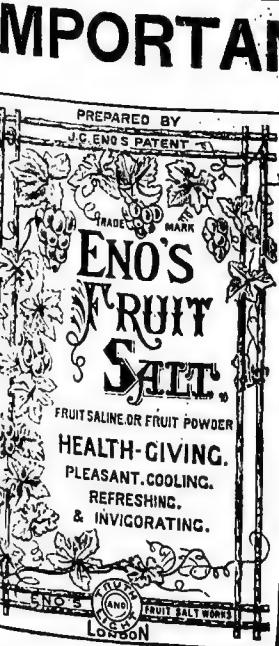


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or assistants to carry. Price, with polished birch tray with ebonyed sides, 45s.; price, with polished oak, birch, or mahogany tray, 2os. Sole Manufacturers: E. R. PEARCE and CO., Great Charles St., Birmingham.

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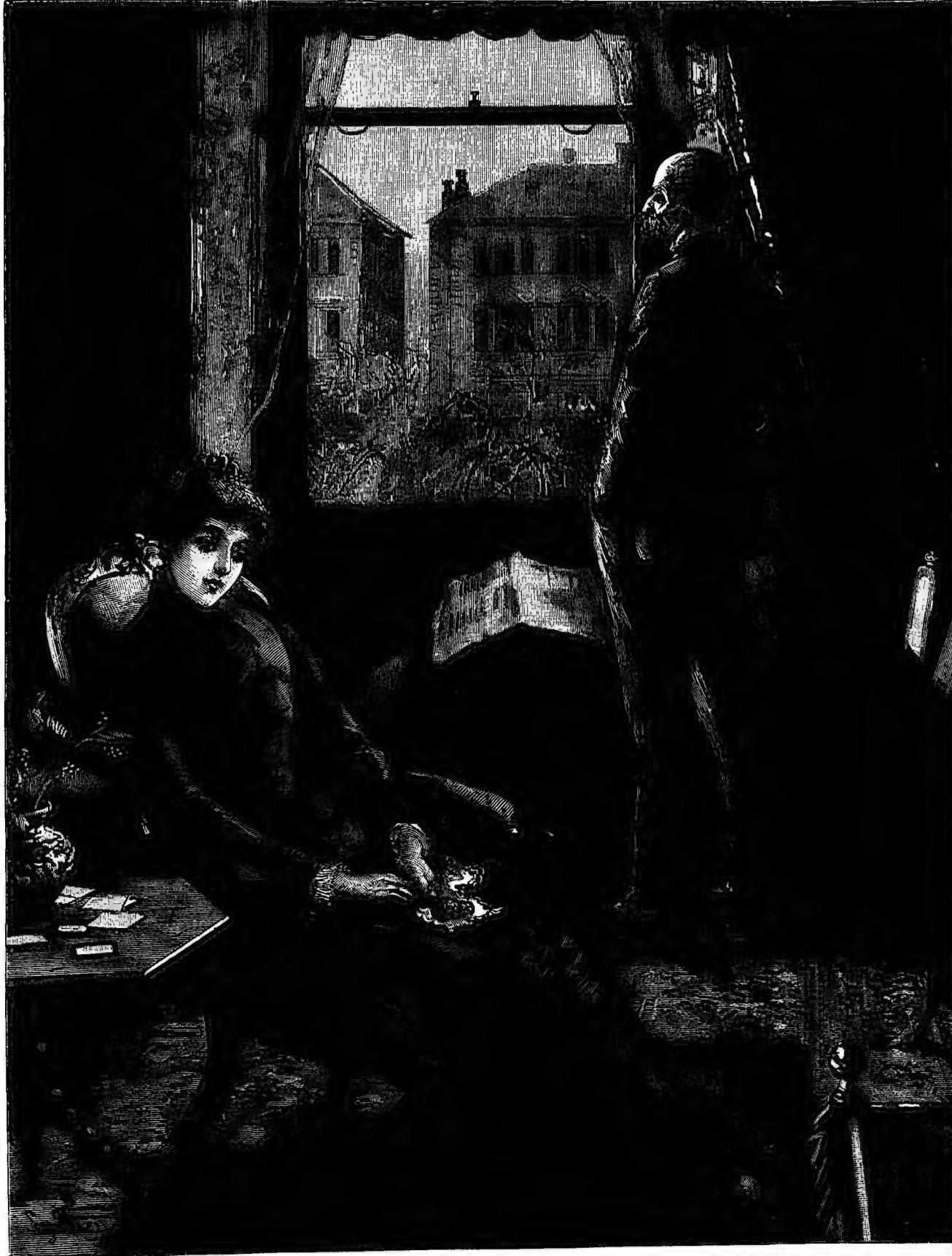
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DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

"What on earth my mother did with her money I can't conjecture!"

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

AUGUSTUS CHEFFINGTON had made an unfortunate marriage. That was admitted on all hands. When he was a cornet in a cavalry regiment quartered in the ancient cathedral city of Oldchester, he ran away with pretty Susan Dobbs, the daughter of his landlady. Augustus's friends and family—all the Cheffingtons, the Dormer-Smiths, the Castlecombes—deplored this rash step. It was never mentioned, either at the time or afterwards, without expressions of deep commiseration for him.

Nevertheless, from one point of view there were compensations. This unfortunate marriage was made responsible for a great many shortcomings which would otherwise have been attributed more directly to Augustus Cheffington himself. For example, it was said to account for his failure in his profession. He had chosen it chiefly because he very much liked the brilliant uniform of a certain crack regiment (it was in the days before competitive examinations); and he had no other aptitude for it than a showy seat on horseback, and a person well calculated to set off the work of the regimental tailor. But when years had passed, and he had remained undistinguished, his friends said, "What could one expect after Augustus's unfortunate marriage?"

After a time he sold out of the Army, and went to live on the Continent, where very shortly he had squandered nearly all his money, and fallen into shady paths of life; and again there was a chorus of "I told you so!" and a general sense that all this was due to the unfortunate marriage.

Finally, his wife died, leaving him with one little girl, the sole survivor of five children; and he came to England with the idea of securing some place which should be suited to his birth, his abilities, his habits, and his inclinations. No such place was found. Several members of the Peerage were applied to, to exert their influence with "Government" on behalf of so well-connected a personage as Augustus Cheffington. But "Government" behaved very badly, "Government" was insensible to his claims. His claims, it is true, were not small. They required a maximum of remuneration for a minimum of labour. He was unable, also, to furnish any proofs of his fitness for one or two posts which happened to be vacant, except the undeniable fact of his cousinship with all the Cheffingtons and Castlecombes in England; and to this kind of qualification "Government," it appeared, attached no importance at all.

He paid a round of visits at country houses, and renewed his long-disused acquaintance with a score of more or less distant relations. But he was not popular. It has been observed that unsuccessful men very often are not popular. "Gus Cheffington has dropped out of the running," men said. "A fellow naturally gets forgotten when he has kept out of sight for years—and besides, he makes himself so deuced disagreeable! He's always grumbling."

This latter accusation was true. If England had shown no maternal affection for her long-absent son, the son returned her hard-heartedness with interest. Indeed, in his case, it turned into active resentment. He got tired of country houses and town mansions where he was received but coolly. He was sarcastic and bitter on the failure of his connections to procure him a lucrative

sinecure. He considered that the country was travelling down hill at break-neck speed, and, for his part, he did not feel inclined to move his little finger to impede that fatal course. Moreover, the black coffee was, nine times out of ten, utterly undrinkable. One day he shook the dust of England's inhospitable shores from off his feet, and returned to his shady haunts on the Continent—its irresponsibility, its *cafés*, its boulevards, and its billiards. And when he was fairly gone, all the Cheffingtons, and the Dormer-Smiths, and the Castlecombes were softened into sympathy; and with much shrugging of shoulders and shaking of heads declared that it was a heart-rending spectacle to behold such a man as Augustus Cheffington ruined, crushed, eclipsed, destroyed by his unfortunate marriage.

When he went back to Belgium, he left behind him at school in Brighton his little motherless girl Miranda, familiarly called May. The Honourable Mrs. Cheffington, Augustus's mother, had advised her son to give the little girl a first-rate education, so as to mitigate as far as possible one disastrous effect of the unfortunate marriage, which was, that May had a plebeian mother. Mrs. Cheffington, known throughout all the ramifications of the family as "the dowager," was a hard-featured, selfish old woman, with a black wig, a pale yellow skin, and frowning eyebrows. She lived on a pension which would cease at her death, and she was supposed by some of her relations to be making a purse. They thought it would turn out that the dowager had considerable savings to leave behind her; and they founded this supposition on her never giving away anything during her life-time. Mrs. Dormer-Smith, Augustus

Cheffington's sister, declared that her mother made one exception to her rule of refusing assistance to any of them. She believed that Augustus, who had always been her favourite child, profited by the dowager's indulgence, and managed to extract some money from her tightly-closed purse. And it certainly was true that the old lady had paid May's school bills—so far as they had been paid at all.

But one day the Honourable Anne Miranda Cheffington took off her black wig for the last time, and relaxed her frowning eyebrows. The announcement of her death appeared in the first column of the *Times*, there was a brief obituary notice in a fashionable journal, and her place knew her no more.

Augustus hastened home to England on the receipt of a telegram from his sister. That is to say, he said he hastened; but he did not arrive in town until some hours after the funeral was over. Mr. Dormer-Smith was somewhat irritated by this tardiness, and observed to his wife that it was just like Augustus to keep out of the way while there was any trouble to be taken, and only arrive in time to be present at the reading of the will. Any expectations that Augustus might have founded on his mother's reluctance to give during her lifetime were quite disappointed. The dowager had no money to bequeath. She had spent nearly the last shilling of her quarter's income. In fact, there was not enough to cover the expenses of the funeral, which were finally paid several months afterwards by Mr. Dormer-Smith.

It seemed almost superfluous, under the circumstances, to have made a will at all. But the will was there. The chief item in it was a quantity of yellow old lace, extremely dirty, and much in need of mending, which was solemnly bequeathed by Mrs. Cheffington to her daughter, Pauline Augusta Clarissa Dormer-Smith. It was set forth at some length how that the lace, being an heirloom of the Cheffingtons, should have descended in due course to the wife of the eldest son, or, failing that, to the eldest daughter of the eldest son; and how this tradition was disregarded in the present case by reason of peculiar and unprecedented family circumstances. This was the dowager's Parthian dart at the unfortunate marriage. There was little other property, except the dingy old furniture of Mrs. Cheffington's house at Richmond, and a few books, treating chiefly of fortification and gunnery, which had belonged to Lieutenant-General the Honourable Augustus Vane Cheffington, the dowager's long-deceased husband.

"What the—What on earth my mother did with her money I can't conjecture!" exclaimed Augustus, staring out of the window of his brother-in-law's drawing-room the day after the funeral.

"She didn't give it to us, Augustus," returned Mrs. Dormer-Smith plaintively. "Even when my boy Cyril went to see her at the end of the holidays, just before returning to Harrow, she never tipped him. Once I think she gave him five shillings. But it's a long time ago; he was a little fellow in petticoats."

"Then what did she do with her money?" repeated Augustus, with an increasingly gloomy scowl at the gardens of the Kensington square on which his eyes rested.

"I believe that, with the exception of what she paid for May's schooling, she spent it on herself."

"Spent it on herself? That's impossible! It was a very good income indeed for a solitary woman, and she lived very quietly."

"You may get through a great deal of money even living quietly, when you don't deny yourself anything you can get. For instance, she never would drive one horse; she had been accustomed to a pair all her life."

Augustus checked an oath on his very lips, and, instead of swearing according to his first impulse, observed with solemnity that he knew not how his mother had been able to reconcile such selfishness with her conscience, and hoped her last moments had not been troubled by remorse.

"Oh, I don't think mamma felt anything of that kind," said Mrs. Dormer-Smith in her slow, gentle tones; "she was always complaining of other people's unreasonable expectations."

The brother and sister fell silent for a while after this, each being immersed in private meditation. That very morning a circumstance had occurred which had put the last touch to Augustus's disappointment and exasperation. The Brighton schoolmistress had sent Miss Miranda Cheffington to London in the charge of a maid-servant, and the little girl had arrived at her aunt's house in a cab with her worldly possessions, namely, a small black trunk full of clothes, and a canary-bird in a cage. The schoolmistress wrote civilly, but firmly, to the effect that, after the lamented decease of the Honourable Mrs. Cheffington, she could not undertake to keep May any longer; feeling sure, by repeated experience, that all applications for payment made to Captain Cheffington would be in vain, and understanding that Mrs. Dormer-Smith declined to charge herself with her niece's education. Captain Cheffington had been violently angry, and had denounced the schoolmistress—Mrs. Drax—as an insolent, grasping, vulgar harpy. But Mrs. Drax was out of his reach, and there was May, thirteen years old, with a healthy appetite, and limbs rapidly outgrowing her clothes.

Augustus continued to glare moodily at the square for some minutes. His sister leaned her cheek on her hand, and looked at the fire. At length Augustus, composing his face to a less savage expression, turned away from the window, sat down opposite to his sister, and said, pensively,

"We must arrange something for May, Pauline."

"You must, indeed, Augustus."

"We ought to consider her future."

"Yes; I think you ought, Augustus."

"The girl is at a hobbledeho age. It's a perplexing position. So difficult to know what to do with her."

"There is no age at which it is so awkward to dress a girl. I have sometimes regretted not having daughters; but upon my word there must be a dreadful amount of harass about their clothes between twelve and fifteen—or in some cases sixteen."

"It's impossible for me to have her with me in Brussels. The way I live—am obliged to live *malgré moi*—she'd upset all my arrangements and habits. In short, you can see for yourself, Pauline, that it would be out of the question."

"No doubt it would be very bad for the girl."

"Of course! That's what I mean. Wouldn't it be the best plan after all, Pauline, to leave her here with you? She could have private masters!"

Mrs. Dormer-Smith shook her head.

"At my expense, of course," added Augustus. "I must screw and scrape and make some sacrifices no doubt, but—"

"It really won't do, Augustus. I assure you it won't do. Frederick will *not* have it. He talked to me after luncheon. It isn't the least use."

Mrs. Dormer-Smith continued plaintively to shake her head as she spoke, and to look with gentle melancholy at the fire.

"H'm! Frederick is very kind. But let us discuss the thing in a friendly spirit. If I pay for her clothing and education, surely the expense of her board wouldn't ruin you and Frederick!"

"No; but the butcher and the baker are the least part of the matter. It isn't as if May were the daughter of one's housekeeper or one's governess. She is a Cheffington, you know. So many things are required for a girl with her connections; and as to you paying for her masters, of course we know you wouldn't, Augustus."

"Upon my soul you are civil and sisterly!"

"Well, I dare say you would mean to pay, but you wouldn't. It would be sure to turn out so, don't you know? Things always have been like that with you, Augustus."

"Then what the devil do you think I'm to do?"

"Pray don't be violent! I really cannot bear any display of

violence. You should remember that it is scarcely a week since poor mamma was taken from us."

"I don't see what that has to do with it. Miranda hasn't been taken from us; that's the point."

Mrs. Dormer-Smith making no answer, her brother continued, after a moment or two, "You are fertile in objections, but you don't seem to have any plan to suggest."

"Well, an idea did occur to me. I don't know whether you would like it."

"Like it! Probably not. But I am used to sacrifice my inclinations."

"Well, I thought that you might put May into a school in France or Germany, or somewhere, letting her give lessons in English in return for her board and so on. There are plenty of schools where they do that sort of thing. It wouldn't be so much matter abroad, because people wouldn't know who she was. You might tide over a year or two in that way."

Augustus got up from his chair. "My daughter a drudge in a Continental school?" he exclaimed, indignantly.

"If you chose a place little frequented by English, I don't think people would know."

There was a short silence. Then Augustus said, angrily, "I'll take the girl back with me. She must share my home, such as it is. We will neither of us trouble you or Frederick much longer. I shall start for Ostend by the morning mail to-morrow." And he dashed out of the room emitting a muffled roll of oaths, and jarring the door in a way which made Mrs. Dormer-Smith clasp her forehead with both hands, and lean back shivering in her chair.

But when the morrow came, Captain Cheffington and his daughter did not go to Ostend. When they had got out of sight of the Dormer-Smiths' house, he ordered the cabman to drive to the Great Western Railway Station, and started by an express train for Oldchester.

CHAPTER II.

AMONGST the minor grievances reckoned up by the deceased dowager as accruing from Augustus's unfortunate marriage was the fact that his wife had borne the plebeian name of Dobbs. One of her most frequent complaints against poor little May was that the child was "a thorough Dobbs." And when she was out of temper—which was very often—she would prefer this charge as indignantly as though Dobbs were synonymous with the most disgraceful epithets in the English language.

And yet the sound of it awoke very different associations in the city of Oldchester, where Augustus's mother-in-law had lived all her life. Mrs. Dobbs was the widow of a tradesman. The ironmonger's business, which her husband had carried on, had long passed into other hands; but his name still met the eyes of his fellow-townsmen in the inscription, "J. Brown, late Dobbs," painted over the shop.

Oldchester is a city in which two streams of life run side by side, mingling but little with each other. At a certain point in the existence of Oldchester, its ancient course of civil and ecclesiastical history had received a new tributary—a strong and ever-growing current of commerce. Commerce built wide suburbs, with villa residences in various stages of "detachment" and "semi-detachment" from one another. Commerce strewed the pleasant country paths and lanes with coal-dust, and blackened the air with smoke. Commerce set up Art schools, founded hospitals (and furnished patients for them), multiplied railways for miles round, and scored all the new streets, and some of the old, with tramway lines. Commerce bought estates in the neighbourhood, was conveyed to public worship in splendid equipages, sent its sons to Eton, and married its daughters into the Peerage. But, for all that, the fame of Oldchester continued to rest on its character as a Cathedral city. The old current surpassed the new one in length and dignity, if in nothing else. The grey cathedral towers rose up majestically above the din and turmoil of forge and loom and factory, with a noble aspiration towards something above and beyond these; while the vibrations of their mellow chimes shed down sweet suggestions of peace and goodwill among the homes of the toilers.

Mrs. Dobbs particularly loved the sounds of the Cathedral chimes; and she sat with closed eyes listening to them in the twilight of a certain autumn evening. Her house was in a narrow street, called Friar's Row, which turned out of the High Street. A monastery had once stood on the site of it, but all trace of the ancient conventional buildings had long since disappeared. The houses were solid brick dwellings, from one to two hundred years old. Mrs. Dobbs's husband had bequeathed her a long lease of that which she occupied. Most of the other houses in Friar's Row were used as offices or warehouses, the wealthier kind of tradespeople who once lived in them having migrated to the suburbs. On her husband's death some of Mrs. Dobbs's friends had urged her to remove to a newer and more cheerful part of the town, but she had resisted the suggestion with some contempt.

"I know what suits me," she would say. "And that's a knowledge the Lord doesn't bestow on all and sundry. This house suits me. It's weather proof for one thing. And you needn't be afraid of putting your foot through the floor if you walk a little heavy, as I do. When I go to see the Simpsons in that bandbox they call Laurel Villa, I daren't lean my umbrella against the wall, for fear of bringing the whole concern down like a pack of cards."

She might easily have increased her income by letting her house and removing to one in the suburbs; for its position was central, and the tenements in Friar's Row were in great request for business purposes. But she resisted this temptation. There were reasons of a more impalpable kind than the solidity of its floors and roofs, which made Mrs. Dobbs constant to her old home. She had lived there all the days of her married life. Her daughter had been born there. Her husband had died there. The somewhat narrow and dingy street had in her eyes the familiar aspect of a friendly face. She loved to hear the rattle and bustle of the High Street, slightly softened by distance. Those common sounds were full of voices from the past: the common sights around were associated with all the joys and sorrows of her life. Mrs. Dobbs never said anything to this effect, but she felt it. And so she stayed in Friar's Row.

The parlour in which she sat was comfortably and substantially furnished. A competent observer would have perceived evidences of permanence and respectability in the solid, old-fashioned chairs and tables, the prints after Morland on the walls, and the corner cupboard full of fine old china. The bookshelves which filled one end of the room contained the accumulations of successive generations. There was a square pianoforte with a pile of old music-books on the top of it; and a big family Bible in massive binding had place of honour all to itself on a side-table covered with green baize. On this special autumn evening, owing to the hour, and partly to the narrowness of the street, which shut out some of the lingering daylight, the parlour was very dim. A red fire glowed in grate, a large tabby cat blinked and purred on the hearthrug, and in a spacious easy chair at one side of the fire-place sat Mrs. Dobbs, listening with closed eyes to the Cathedral chimes.

Presently the door was softly opened, and there came into the room Mrs. Dobbs's life-long friend and crony, Mr. Joseph Weatherhead. This person was her brother-in-law, and a childless widower. He had carried on the trade of bookseller and stationer in Birmingham for many years; but had sold his business on the death of his wife, and come to live in Oldchester, near the Dobbs's. Mr. Weatherhead was a tall, lean man, with a benevolent, bald forehead, and mild eyes. The only remarkable feature in his face was the nose, which was large, slightly aquiline, brownish red in colour, and

protruded from his face at a peculiar angle. The forehead above, and the chin below, sloped away from it rather rapidly. The nose, though it thrust itself forward in quest of news.

As he closed the door behind him, Mrs. Dobbs opened her eyes.

"I thought you were asleep, Sarah," said Mr. Weatherhead.

"Asleep!" ejaculated Mrs. Dobbs, with all the indignation of the kind! I was listening to the chimes. They always make me think—"

"Of poor Susy," interrupted Mr. Weatherhead, nodding. "Ah! And so they do me. Poor Susy! How pretty she was!"

"She had better have been less pretty for her own happiness. The great misfortune of her life wouldn't have happened but for her pretty face."

Mr. Weatherhead nodded again, and sat down opposite to Mrs. Dobbs in a corresponding armchair to her own. He then took from his pocket a black leather case, and from the case a meerschaum pipe, which he proceeded to fill and light and smoke.

"What an infatuation!" sighed Mrs. Dobbs, pursuing her own meditations. "To think of Susy throwing herself away on that extravagant, selfish, good-for-nothing fellow without any principles to speak of, when she might have had an honest tradesman in a first-rate way of business! She had only to pick and choose."

"Humph! Honest tradesmen are not as plentiful as blackberries, though," observed Mr. Weatherhead, reflectively.

Mrs. Dobbs ignored this parenthesis, and went on: "It was a bad day for me and mine when he first came swaggering into this house."

From which speech it will be seen that the Dobbs side of the family coincided with the Cheffingtons in considering Augustus's to have been an unfortunate marriage; only each party arrived at the same conclusion by a different road.

"Have you heard from him lately, Sarah?" asked Mr. Weatherhead, after a pause.

"From my precious son-in-law? Not I!"

"Oh!"

"Not a word from him till he wants something. You may take your oath of that, Jo Weatherhead."

"Oh, I thought you might have heard from him, because—"

"Well?" (very sharply).

"Well, because I see something has been putting old times into your head; and I thought it might be that."

"Something been putting old times into my head? I should like to know when they're out of my head! Much you know about it!"

Mr. Weatherhead apparently did know something about it; for after another longer silence, during which he puffed at his pipe and stared into the fire, Mrs. Dobbs justified his penetration by saying, "The truth is, I have been turning things over in my mind a good deal since yesterday."

Mr. Weatherhead was too wary to expose himself to another snub, so he merely nodded two or three times in an oracular manner.

"I'm worried out of my mind about that child. She went off yesterday as bright and happy as possible, and looking so pretty and genteel—fit for any company in the land."

"Ah! She went off, you say, to—?"

"To the Hadlows. She is to stay there over Sunday."

"Oh! But I don't quite see—"

"Go on! What is it that you don't quite see?"

"I don't quite see what there is to worry you in that. The Hadlows are very good sort of people."

"I should think they were very good sort of people! Canon Hadlow is one of the best men in Oldchester; or in all England, for the matter of that. And he's a gentleman to the marrow of his bones. But what sort of a position has my granddaughter among the Hadlows and their belongings?"

"A very nice position, I should say."

"A very nice position!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs, who seemed determined to repeat all poor Mr. Weatherhead's speeches in a tone of disdainful irony. "That's so like you, Jo! She thinks it a very nice position, too, poor lamb. She knows nothing of the world, bless her innocent heart. And for all her seventeen years she is the merest child in some things. But you might know better. You are not seventeen years old, Jo Weatherhead!"

"Certainly not," asserted he emphatically.

"The fact of the matter is that, whether by good luck or bad luck, May does not belong to my sphere or my class. She's a Canon Hadlow. She has the ways of a lady, and the education of a lady, and she has a right to the position of a lady. If that father of hers gives her nothing else he might give her that; and he shall, if I can make him."

"Perhaps it might have been better, after all, if you had not sent the child back to her old school, but just brought her up here, under your own eye, in a plain sort of way. It would have been better for you, anyhow."

"I don't know that."

"Why you'd have been spared a good many sacrifices. There's not another woman in England would have done what you've done, Sarah."

"Nonsense; there are plenty of women in England as big fools as me. Even that wooden old figure-head of a dowager—Lord—forgive me, she's dead and gone!—had the grace to pay the child's schooling as long as she lived."

"She!" exclaimed Jo Weatherhead, firing up suddenly, and tapping his meerschaum sharply against the hob.

"That's a very different pair of shoes. She could afford it a precious sight better than you. What did she ever deprive herself of? I say there's not another woman in England would have done what you've done, and it's no good your contradicting."

"There, bless the man! Don't let us quarrel about it."

"But I shall quarrel about it, unless you give in. Here's the case fairly put:—A young spark runs away with your only daughter and pretty well breaks your heart. He takes her wandering about and into foreign parts, and you only get news of her now and then, and never good news. He's too fine a gentleman to do a stroke of work for his family, but as soon as he has run through his bit of money, he's not too fine a gentleman to fall into disreputable ways of life, nor yet to let who will look after his motherless little girl, and feed, and clothe, and educate her. When his own mother dies—leaving two quarters' school-bills unpaid, which you have to settle, by the bye—the rest of the family, including his own sister, refuse to advance a sixpence to save the child from the workhouse."

"I say, Jo! that's putting it a little too strong, my friend! There was no talk of the workhouse."

"Let me finish summing up the case. I say they wouldn't spend sixpence to save that child from *starvation*—there, now! When the dowager is dead, and the rest of them button up their breeches' pockets, and the schoolmistress sends away the poor little girl because she can't afford to keep her and teach her for nothing; what does my gentleman do? Does he try in any one way to do his duty by his only child? Not he. He coolly shuffles off all trouble and responsibility on other folks' shoulders. He hasn't taken any notice of you for years, except writing once to borrow fifty pounds—"

"Which he didn't get, Jo."

"Which he didn't get because an over-ruling Providence had ordained that you shouldn't have it to lend him. Well, after years

of silence and neglect, he turns up in Oldchester one fine morning, and walks into your house bringing his little girl 'on a visit to her dear grandmother.' Talk of brass! What sort of a material do you suppose that man's features are composed of?"

"Gutta percha, very likely," returned Mrs. Dobbs, who now sat resting her head against the cushions of her chair, and listening to Mr. Weatherhead's eloquence with a half-humorous resignation; "that's a good, tough, elastic kind of stuff."

"Tough! He had need have some toughness of countenance to come into this house as he did. And that's not the end. He swaggers about Oldchester for a week or two, using your house as an inn, neither more nor less—except that there's no bill;—and then one day he starts off for the Continent, leaving little May here, and promising to send for her as soon as he gets settled. From that day to this, and it's four years ago, you have had the child on your hands, and her precious father has never contributed one shilling towards her support. You sent the child back to school. You pinched, and saved, and denied yourself many little comforts to keep her there. You have never let her feel or guess that she has been a burthen on you in your old age. And I say again, Sarah Dobbs, that, considering all the circumstances of the case, there's not another woman in England would have done what you've done. No, nor in Europe!"

"Well, having come to that, I hope you've finished, Jo Weatherhead."

"I hope I have," returned Mr. Weatherhead, mopping his flushed face with a very large red pocket-handkerchief. "I hope I have, for the present. But if you attempt to contradict a word of what I have been saying, I'll begin again and go still further!"

"There, there, then that's settled. But I am thinking of the future. Supposing I died to-morrow, what's to become of May? I have nothing to leave her. My bit of property goes back to Dobbs's family, and all right and fair, too. I've nothing to say against my husband's will. But people like the Hadlows, who invite May, and make much of her, have no idea that she has no one to look to but me. I don't say they'd give her the cold shoulder if they did know it; but it would make difference. As it is, they talk to her about her aunt, Mrs. Dormer-Smith, and her cousin, Lord This, and her connection, Lady T'other, and a kind of a—what shall I say?—a sort of atmosphere of high folks hangs about her. She's Miss Miranda Cheffington, with fifty relations in the peerage. If she was known only as the grandchild of Mrs. Dobbs, the iron-monger's widow, she would seem mightily changed in a good many eyes. Sometimes it comes over me as if I was letting May go on under false pretences."

"Why, she has got fifty relations in the peerage, hasn't she?"

"A hundred, for all I know. But folks are not aware that her father's family take no notice of her. She hardly knows it herself."

"But her aunt, Mrs. Dormer-Smith, writes to her, doesn't she?"

"Oh, a line once in a blue moon, to say she's glad to hear May is well, and to complain of the great expense of living in London."

"The selfish meanness of that woman is beyond belief."

"Well—I don't know, Jo. She's a poor creature, certainly. But I feel more a sort of pity for her than anything else."

"Do you? It's only out of contradiction, then."

"Not altogether," said Mrs. Dobbs, laughing good-humouredly. "I made her out pretty well that time I took May up to London before she went back to school."

"Ah! I remember. You tried if the aunt would do anything to help."

"Yes, I tried. It was right to try. But I very soon saw that there was nothing to be hoped for from that quarter. Mrs. Dormer-Smith has been brought up to live for the world and the world's ways. To be sure her world is a funny, artificial little affair compared with God Almighty's: pretty much as though one should take a teaspoonful of Epsom salts for the sea. But, at any rate, I do believe she sincerely thinks it ought to be worshipped and bowed down to. It's no use to tell such a woman that she could do without this or that useless finery, and spend the money better. She'll answer you with tears in her eyes that it's *impossible*; and, what's more, she'll believe it. Why, if some Tomnoddy or other, belonging to what she calls "the best people," was to ordain to-morrow that nobody should eat his dinner unless he was waited on by a man with a long pigtail, that poor creature would know no peace, and her meat would have no relish, until a man with a pigtail stood behind her chair. That's Mrs. Dormer-Smith, Jo Weatherhead."

Mr. Weatherhead drew up his lips into the form of a round O, as his manner was when considering any matter of interest, and appeared to meditate a reply. But the reply was never spoken; for a brisk ring at the street door gave a new turn to his thoughts and those of his sister-in-law.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs, putting up her hands to settle her cap, and stretching out her feet with a sudden movement which made the old tabby on the hearthrug arch her back indignantly. "Why, that must be the Simpsons! I didn't think it was so late. Just light the candles, will you, Jo? I hope Martha has remembered the roasted potatoes."

(To be continued)



LOVERS of hunting-yarns will welcome Mr. Parker Gilmore's new book, "Days and Nights by the Desert" (Kegan Paul). The country described in these pages borders the Great Kalahari Desert, and will be found on the map north-west of the Orange River. The narrative here given is a continuation of the description of the journey published by the author last year, under the name of "A Hunter's Arcadia." Mr. Gilmore reserves his account of his pursuit of very large game for another volume. One of the most interesting portions of "Days and Nights by the Desert" is that devoted to the story of two lion cubs which the hunter tried to tame. At first, they were as playful and amusing as puppies, and allowed themselves to be suckled by a goat, but, in all too short a time, inherited tendencies came out prominently. "Although," writes Mr. Gilmore, "apparent to all that Leo and Juno were not now to be trusted, there was still one who refused to take warning or advice. This was Nannie, their foster-mother. As of old, she lay in the sun beside them, and regarded her wards with a jealous care truly touching, although the cubs had become quite as large as herself. In their horse-play, one day, however, they upset the old lady's dignity by rolling her over. Such a shock to her *amour propre* and deportment was not be submitted to for a moment; so, rising hastily, with sharp and adroitly handled horns, she commenced, with a will, to administer punishment for their misdeeds. This they submitted to for a short time; but when, at length, they could not escape the persistent attacks made by the goat, for, be it remembered, they were chained, Juno, immediately followed by Leo, turned upon her, and, in less time than it takes to narrate it, Nannie's neck was broken, and a large piece torn out of her hind-quarters." Altogether, "Days and Nights by the Desert" will be found a pleasant companion for a lazy afternoon.

Some small addition is made to our knowledge of a huge tropical island, but scantly explored hitherto, by Captain John Strachan's "Explorations and Adventures in New Guinea" (Sampson Low). The author did not succeed in penetrating very far into the interior, but he saw enough to enable us to gather from his narrative that Papua is a land of much sylvan loveliness. He noted in his journeys, among other things, a peculiar little fish, about three inches long, and marked on either side by three black spots, shooting out a tiny jet of water to a distance of some eighteen inches, drenching the unwary fly, which then fell an easy prey. He approaches, however, the whole subject too much in the spirit of the utilitarian to offer the reader many pleasant travel-pictures, as may be judged by the following passage:—"As I stood contemplating the scene before me, my mind wandered away into the not-distant future, when the axe of the woodman would make the welkin ring again, when the plough of the husbandman would turn up and sweeten the soil, when, instead of vast primeval forests stretching away on every hand, the sugar-cane and maize-crops would wave on that virgin soil. I pictured the time when the placid waters of the river would be lashed into foam by the propeller, the huge monarchs of the forest be broken down by the saw, and the juice crushed from the cane—all by the mighty power of steam." Exultation in such anticipations is scarcely consistent with enthusiasm for natural beauty. Captain Strachan takes opportunity, too, to sneer frequently at his companions on his first expedition. He offers most extraordinary consolation to the readers who may find him dry reading. "It may be some satisfaction to them to reflect that the weariness of the perusal cannot equal that so often felt by the author in the prosecution of the explorations these chapters record." At any rate, we have failed to find relief in the reflection suggested thus naively.

In the "Memoirs of the Baron de Rimini (Griscelli de Vezzani)" (Remington) we are favoured with the confidences of a thorough-paced scoundrel and cut-throat. This person declares himself to have been secret agent to Napoleon III. (1850-58), to Cavour (1859-61), to Antonelli (1861-62), to Francis II., the last King of Naples (1862-64), to the Emperor of Austria (1864-67). The editor explains the publication as follows. In 1866 he made the acquaintance of a man who was short and thick-set, with an agreeable, intelligent face, over which, however, there passed at times, quick as a flash, a gleam of ferocity. This so-called Baron de Rimini revealed to the editor all the details of his past life, and gave him a voluminous manuscript containing his memoirs. Baron de Rimini was a Corsican. This is how he left his native isle. "Perhaps my brother would have remained a bachelor, had not my wife, an angel of gentleness before her marriage, become an infernal demon the moment she was settled in the house. Fortunately, the recruiting time came, and in spite of the tears and prayers of my relatives, and the substitute they had bought for me, I left to join the army. Had it not been for my wife's malice I should never have gone outside my native village." Here again is one of many assassinations in which the Baron was chief actor. "Monsieur Pietri and I returned to the Prefecture, whilst the Prince Camerata's murderers continued to dance at the Tuilleries. That morning, when I rose, I had a feeling of dazzling. An hour later, with no other thought than how to revenge my benefactor's friend, I presented myself at M. Pietri's, and asked him for a passport to London. He looked me full in the face, then said, 'Go, I understand. Do not let your revenge cool.' 'Count on me. If I meet him, I—' He embraced me, and gave me a thousand francs. Fifty hours after I had returned. Zumbo, stabbed and unrecognisable, was lying under Waterloo Bridge. The London police, in spite of their cleverness, were never able to identify the body (a bottle of corrosive fluid had burnt his face), nor to discover the perpetrator of the crime." There may be some grains of truth in this curious book, but we are inclined to believe that the Baron de Rimini is a near literary relative of the late Baron Munchison.

All those interested in the intimate private relations of a great composer and a great musician will find much to please them in Mr. Francis Hueffer's translation into English of the "Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt" (H. Grevel and Co.). Wagner met Liszt for the first time during his earliest stay in Paris. He had then renounced the hope, to use his own words, of a Paris reputation, and, indeed, was in a state of internal revolt against the artistic life he found there. At their meeting, Liszt appeared to him the "most perfect contrast to my own being and situation. In that world to which it had been my desire to fly from my own narrow circumstances, Liszt had grown up from his earliest age to be the object of general love and admiration at a time when I was repelled by general coldness and want of sympathy." However, despite this difference of condition, a warm friendship sprang up between them which may well rank among the more remarkable literary and artistic friendships of all time. The editor has been careful to retain in the correspondence such effusions of German enthusiasm as "dearest, best, most unique of friends," "glorious, great man," and the italics which both Wagner and Liszt employed with a ladylike liberality. The correspondence fills two closely-printed volumes, and will perhaps not seem too long to admirers of two striking personalities.

Votaries of athleticism will find a great deal to enjoy in "Sports and Recreations in Town and Country" (Swan Sonnenschein), by Mr. Frederick Gale, who also rejoices in the *nom de plume* of "The Old Buffer." It consists largely of reminiscences of incidents connected with English sports and sketches of town and country life, which appeared originally in "Baily's Magazine." They all suggest happy memories, and are drawn from the life. The opening paper, "Tom Spring's Back Parlour" is especially interesting as giving a lifelike picture of one of the heroes of the prize ring, when that once national institution was in its better days. He gives an amusing instance of the way in which pugilistic encounters were winking at down to a comparatively recent date by those in authority. "Just before the fight commenced," he writes, "a startling event occurred. A gentleman on a magnificent hunter took a hedge and ditch which bounded the field in grand style, and, riding up to the ring-side, he informed a select few of the company, Spring included, that he was a magistrate for Surrey and Hants, and confessed his incapacity, single-handed, to clear the ring if called upon to act, but he dropped a hint publicly that the county constabulary would be up in *at least* two hours, whereupon the crowd gave him three cheers." Sporting men generally, we make no doubt, will find this volume very enjoyable reading.

A useful book, we are glad to see, has reached a third edition. This is "Nature's Hygiene" (Baillière) by Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S. This work constitutes a systematic manual of natural hygiene, and contains a detailed account of the chemistry and hygiene of eucalyptus, pine, and camphor forests, and of the industries connected with them. Mr. Kingzett expresses strongly his opinion that all medical officers are urgently needed to act side by side with medical officers of health and engineers effectively to deal with the many important matters affecting public health and the rating of the community at large. "While," he observes, "the development of chemical science in recent years has been most marked, sanitary authorities have not sufficiently availed themselves of its services, but have relied much too confidently upon mere engineering skill. . . . The water-carriage system of sewage has grown in London from a blessing into an unmitigated and terribly costly evil."

Mr. William Miller, F.R.S.E., Author of "Wintering in the Riviera," comes before the public once more with "Our English Shores, being Recollections of Watering Places on the Coasts of England" (Hamilton, Adams). This work does not aim at taking the place of a guide-book, as it contains no minute local informa-

tion. Still, it furnishes readable sketches interesting to those who have seen the places mentioned, and affords useful hints to those who may not know much about English seaside towns and villages.

People who forget readily may possibly find useful a book, by Dr. F. W. Edridge-Green, M.B., entitled "Memory: Its Logical Relations and Cultivation" (Baillière). Mental physiology is largely discussed; but in the second part of his work Dr. Edridge-Green gives some rules for the cultivation of memory. He is especially interesting in his chapter on "Memory in the Lower Animals." "A dog," he says, "will remember the correct days if he be taken out for a walk regularly on certain days, and not on others." He deduces from instances given that animals have to rely on their memories, when man has devised means to avoid doing so. "Animals have to rely on their memories for time and locality, not having timepieces, and not being able to use directories."

An exceedingly useful companion for visitors to Belgium will be found in Mr. Albert D. Vandam's translation from the French work by Mr. Conrad Busken Huet, "The Land of Rubens" (Sampson Low). Mr. Vandam has used much judgment and practised skill in the work of translation. The author of the original, who has been styled the Ste. Beuve of Holland, wrote chiefly for Dutchmen, and especially for well-informed Dutchmen. It would be absurd, as the translator observes, to expect a similar knowledge among even the most cultured Englishmen. Hence he has omitted much calculated to puzzle. The residuum makes an eminently readable book, most instructive as to the treasures of Art to be found in Flanders.

A handsome volume is Mr. James E. Matthew's "A Popular History of Music" (H. Grevel and Co.). It ranges over a great deal of ground, treating of musical instruments, ballet, and opera from St. Ambrose to Mozart. The text is elucidated by one hundred and thirty-seven illustrations, consisting of portraits, musical instruments, *facsimiles* of rare and early musical typography, and so on. Mr. Matthew gives in popular fashion the history of music up to the closing years of the last century, and supplies portraits of the most eminent musicians. He also traces the development of the present system of musical notation. Altogether this is a book which may be cordially commended to the attention of musical amateurs.

HUMOURS OF AN AUSTRALIAN HUSTINGS

THERE is nothing rules a crowd so potently as humour. A lucky stroke of wit will often win the day with a popular assembly better than a cannonade of serious argument, and a public orator can have no more useful weapon for his ends than a ready humour and a quick gift of repartee. If his audience show restiveness and a spirit of mischievous opposition, nothing will restore it to a reasonable frame of mind like the discovery of a good-natured vein of humour on the part of the speaker. Humour is the most powerful solvent of antipathetic elements, the most rapid fuser of antagonistic forces known to man, and if one were asked what single quality in human nature more than another makes the world akin, I, for my part, should have little hesitation in answering—the sense of humour. There is probably no sense that is much quicker, and we can hardly be too thankful that there are none more catholic and universal.

In the arena of politics the efficacy of wit and humour has again and again been exemplified. One is particularly struck on witnessing a discussion in the House of Commons with the readiness, the almost eagerness, with which honourable members welcome the faintest gleam of fun that falls athwart the gravity of debate, and it has frequently been remarked how small a jest will hit the gold at St. Stephen's. There is something almost pathetic in this simple, boyish attitude of grave and learned senators towards the fugitive god of laughter.

A good deal of literary capital has from first to last been made out of electioneering. The theme, as a vehicle of humour, is now pretty well worked out, but there were few novelists of the past generation who did not turn it to some account. One recalls, in this connection, much excellent comedy based upon the contingencies of political canvass in the novels of *Lover and Lever*, of Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, and even George Eliot. Even at the present moment the stage finds occasionally that it can make effective business of a farcical sort out of the fun and folly of an electioneering campaign.

The Australians are decidedly a political folk. They are also, on the side of humour, quite as well informed as other people. They may be lacking somewhat in sentiment; speaking of them as a community I think they are, though many individual examples can be found to the contrary. With a non-existent historical background, how should it be otherwise? But humour, luckily, is pretty well independent of long tradition, and is a hardy seed that will strike root in all kinds of soil, and sprout and burgeon without much preparatory ploughing or nursing. It finds a congenial enough climate in Australia, and our antipodean kindred are quick at taking and quick at making fun.

The writer happened recently to be in New South Wales, while a spirited electioneering contest was in progress. The reigning Ministry had just come to grief—it matters not here upon what point of policy—with the suddenness of collapse characteristic of colonial political junctures, and the country was being appealed to to test the strength of parties. It was my chance to see a good deal of how the canvass was carried on in one of the most important constituencies in the colony, a large metropolitan electorate. I was present at several of the Committee meetings held in the interests of one of the most popular of the candidates, a friend of the writer's.

Amusing enough these conventions sometimes were, in their mixture of business detail bearing upon the issues at stake, and of promiscuous talk and discussion, variegated by badinage and jest, and the latest club gossip.

It gave one not a bad insight into the working of the wheels and pulleys of colonial political machinery, and impressed these two ideas, among others, upon the mind of the onlooker—first the essentially democratic basis of Australian Society, and secondly the pleasantly leisurely way they have of conducting life in Australia compared with the Old World. At these small gatherings I am speaking of, there met men of greatly varying education, culture, and social standing in the city, yet there was never apparent the slightest tinge of condescension or patronage on the one hand, nor of awkward *maladroit* or subservience on the other. Met for one common purpose, the return of the candidate whom they trusted, a frank spirit of good-fellowship, and of natural and enforced independence was conspicuous, which appeared to me derogatory to no one, and creditable to all. In regard to the second point, I imagine that the occasions are rare in Australia when men assembled for the conduct of grave affairs find the crisis so grave and imminent as to necessitate anything like a feverish hurry. *Festina lente* is a motto nowhere held in more sacred observance than in Australia. That the country has, nevertheless, advanced with the magic shoes of swiftness, merely proves what a good motto it is.

In this same electioneering battle I saw a good deal of the various hustings gatherings in Sydney. The candidate in Australia has two methods of addressing the electors, first from the balcony of some pretty well-known hotel, and secondly from the platform of the wooden booths which, erected in some open space with a central situation, serve as hustings-places. It is seldom that the weather is of such a kind as to render these large open-air meetings impracticable, either by day or night, and on the last day of the contest, that



JAMES SANT, R.A.

"MISTRESS ANNE PAGE"

Royal Academy



ARTHUR HACKER

Grosvenor Gallery

"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion"



CHARLES B. LAWES

Royal Academy

"They bound me on . . .
Upon his back with many a thong;
They loosed him with a sudden lash,
Away, away ; and on we dash."



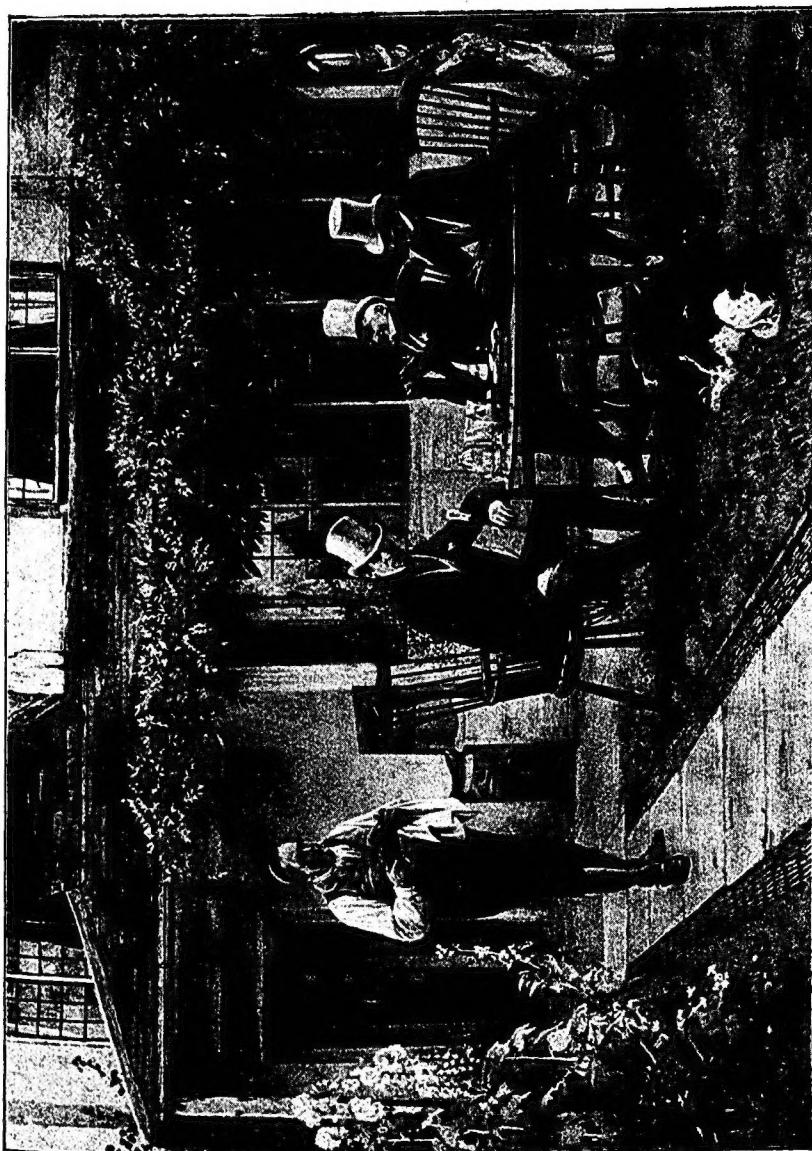
FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.

Royal Academy
"BY THE SEA OF GALILEE"
(The Property of the Artist)
"That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses."



W. H. BARTLETT

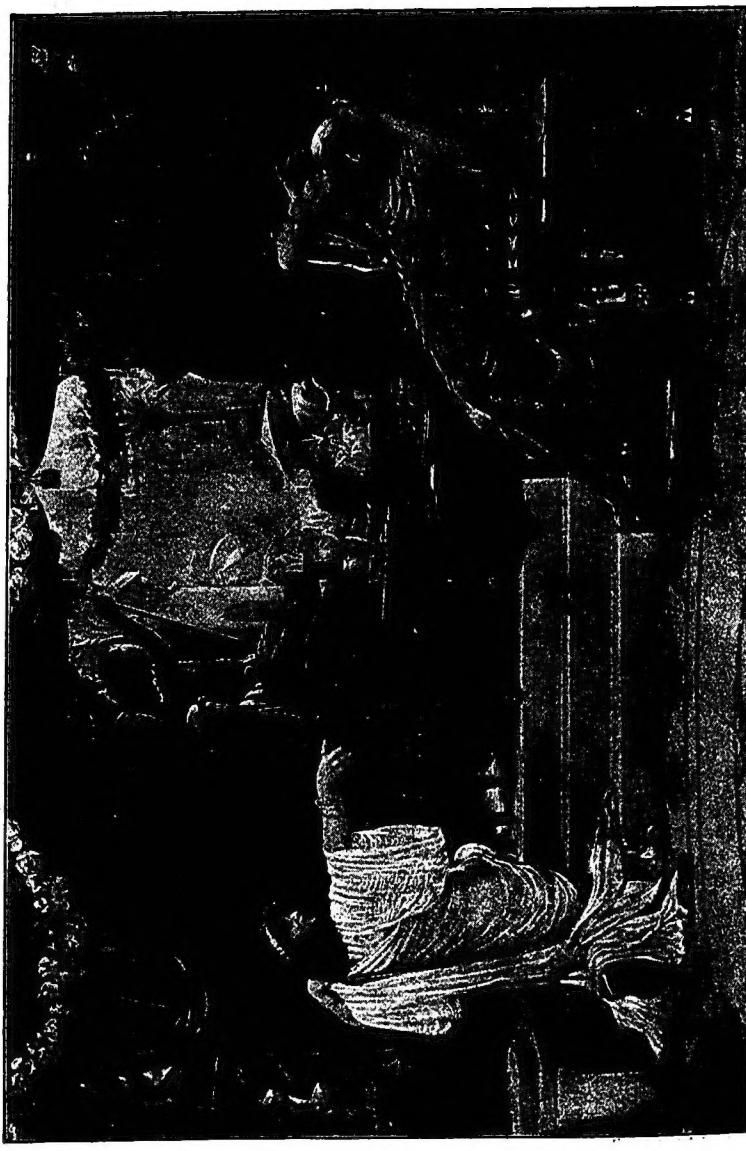
Royal Academy
"THE SEAL DIVER: CO. MAYO"



Royal Academy

"OLD AND CRUSTED"

W. DENNY SADLER



Royal Academy

"ESTHER DENOUNCING HAMAN TO AHASUERUS"

ERNEST NORMAND

is when the candidates have each an opportunity of speaking from the hustings, the crowd will stand contentedly below listening from morn to sun-set without bodily disquietude of any sort save, it may be, if the season be midsummer, from a too friendly sun.

I was present on several of the occasions when my friend, who filled a responsible parliamentary office in the colony, addressed the electors. Once the venue was simply in the public street, the speaker standing in a small balcony of a hotel. It was a bland September night of the Australian spring, windless and mellow, and the speaker's voice was easily heard from the street below in the quiet air. A few lights placed about the balcony cast a darkling radiance on the little sea of upturned faces. The candidate spoke with marked readiness, point, and self-possession; the last an invaluable quality, of course, in a hustings orator. The audience was, for the most part, well disposed towards the speaker, attentive, and orderly. But it was evident that there were a few dissentient spirits in the crowd, persons who had come probably with the deliberate intention of interruption and annoyance. There was one man in particular who endeavoured to throw the speaker off the track of his argument, by propounding questions totally irrelevant to the moment. One of the queries which he levelled at the head of the orator was:—"Are you in favour of a wheel tax?" This he repeated again and again, hurling it into the middle of the candidate's sentence, so to speak. My friend stood it for some time without comment, and with remarkable patience; but, at last, when the interruption had occurred for some half-dozen times—"Are you in favour of a wheel tax; will you answer me that?" replied with quiet incisiveness—

"I wouldn't tax the wheel of the cart that carried you away, my man."

We were hearing a good deal about wheel-taxing the other day; so this incident may not be out of place.

On another occasion, when the same gentleman was again addressing the crowd, he was subjected to a similar annoyance by one fellow persistently shouting out, "Never mind talk, tell us your convictions!" "Less talk, and more of your convictions!" When he thought he had stood this about long enough, the speaker stopped short, and in the silence that followed his sudden pause, remarked,

"If that gentleman will step up here, and tell us how many convictions he's had, I'll endeavour to satisfy him."

A retort which did not fail to "render," as the French word it, refunding the speaker to the extent of ridding him for good of his impudent querist, and filling the theatre, so to say, with laughter.

The following was told me by a friend as having occurred in a district of the colony in which he was living at the time. An Irish candidate was contesting a country electorate in which a good deal of road-making was going on. A considerable number of working men were employed in this labour, which was done by hand in the familiar way. But a proposal had come from some quarter, more or less authoritative, to substitute machinery for the handwork. As this would probably have required considerably fewer hands, the idea met with resolute opposition on the part of the men and their friends, the question became, indeed, as small points will in limited communities, a "crux" in the contest, one of the test questions upon which the issue of the canvass turned. The Irish candidate met the electors in a public hall one night, and at the conclusion of his speech said, as is usual on such occasions, that he would be glad to answer any questions put to him.

"Are you in favour of road-making by hand or by machinery?" was among the first asked.

"Oi am," was the truly Hibernian reply; but whether the character of the answer was due to ingenuity, or solely to the nationality of the speaker, the witness could not certify.

But the advantage does not always lie with the candidate. The position of the electioneering declaimer is almost the opposite to that of the pulpit orator. The latter has the game, from first to last, in his own hands. He can put up, as he is rather fond of doing, any number of imaginary theological foes, and knock them down like nine-pins, run a tilt at metaphysical windmills to his heart's content, no man dismayed him. But the political candidate is in very different case. It is he who becomes the target for every proletarian wit to shoot at; he is, for the time, fair game for every man's humour, and if he be not quick of fence and ready in verbal resource, the "heckling," in the northern phrase, which he may be submitted to sometimes brings him anything but a merry-quarter-of-an-hour. A good deal of rough-and-ready humour often manifests itself in a hustings crowd, the quality being, to a considerable extent, contagious, as most people must have observed. Amid the somewhat uncouth horseplay of such a gathering, smart things will rise to the surface "swimming infrequent in a vast (and rather muddy) sea" of cheap chaff and the persiflage of the street-corner.

During a recent election campaign in Australia, one of the candidates for a city electorate was considerably aggrieved at what he regarded as the illegitimate methods pursued by his opponents in their conduct of the canvass. He was, however, one of the victorious candidates. In returning thanks to the electors on the day of the declaration of the poll, he was unable to refrain from referring to the aforesaid tactics of the defeated party, and concluded his speech in words to the effect that whether he was right or wrong in putting such a construction on the course adopted by his opponents, the result of the contest had proved this, at least—that he was the "people's choice." "So was Barabbas," said a voice from the crowd.

It may be as well to remark here that these electioneering *ana* are recorded mainly for the English reader. The stories are familiar enough in the land of their birth, but it has been thought that they may not have passed into the current coin of anecdote in England.

One other episode of an emerald colour. It perhaps hardly falls within the scope of my title, but it comes near enough. It is, moreover, *apropos* of the present Heathen Chinee scare which is agitating Australia, and filling some space in the columns even of English newspapers. An Irish gentleman who had accumulated a considerable fortune by his industry in some rather humble calling had risen to such social dignity in his neighbourhood as to be sometimes asked to take the chair at the local penny readings, popular concerts, and the like. There had been an election in the country town which was the scene of this incident, and the Chinese question had emerged again. There was the regular Chinese quarter that clings shabbily to the skirts of so many Australian townships, and owing to some concurrence of circumstances tending to fan the animosity of the citizens against their Mongolian neighbours, the feeling ran high. While it was at its highest a popular concert in aid of some local charity was held, at which our Irish friend was to preside. The programmes were printed by the local press, and the hall lit by the local gas, and whether it was that neither was of a superior order, or that the chairman's sight was failing, he had some difficulty in reading the programme. "The first number, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "is the 'Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls,' by Mistress Delaney."

Mrs. Delaney sang the "Harp That Once" to the general satisfaction. The next number was the familiar and once popular ballad, "Alas, Those Chimes." The chairman peered at the name, but seemed puzzled.

"The next item on the programme, ladies and gentlemen—" A pause. "The next song is—" Another pause, and stammer. "The next song, ladies and gentlemen, is *Blast those Chinese!*" The thing was so pat to the moment and to the feeling of the meeting that it "lifted the roof."

R. R.



POSSIBLY thorough-going admirers of Mr. Henry James (there certainly are such people) will not be disposed to set very much store by his "The Reverberator" (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.). But there is also a very considerable number of persons whose admiration for the author of "The Portrait of a Lady" is anything but ardent, and to these the novel in question may be recommended. They will regard it as by far the best of all his novels, and will be able to fortify their preference by a long list of reasons. Among these are that it has a story—a vertebrate story—with a beginning, a middle, and very nearly with an end; it contains very little analysis, and none of which even the most imaginative readers between lines can contrive to call subtle; the characters are thoroughly life-like and—it is an actual, positive fact—amusing. In short, Mr. Henry James comes for once before the public as unlike his natural self as is presumably within his capacity. His American family, the father and the two daughters, are of a type not hitherto described, but eminently worth describing, and recognisable by most people; and Mr. Flack, European representative of "The Reverberator," is only too life-like, too recognisable, and too eminently worth gibbetting by means of plain portraiture. Simple and unconscious vulgarity, so simple and unconscious as to excite a certain humorous sympathy, has seldom been better illustrated. Its contrast, in another form of vulgarity, is almost equally well rendered in the Franco-American family of the Proberts, who also represent a type as well as their own individualities. In short, the story is a thoroughly good piece of comedy, worth all its author's ponderous investigations into the recondite psychology of nonentities put together.

Many readers will remember "Miss Bayle's Romance," if only for the cool, not to say impertinent, manner in which it made free with living persons. It had not otherwise much value; and the novel with which its still anonymous author has followed up his first success, such as it was, is infinitely better. "A Modern Brigand" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) institutes a comparison between an uncompromising Sicilian bandit of the good old type, named Carlo Nerone, and a British financier who plunders by legitimate methods; the comparison being considerably in favour of the former, from the moral and social point of view. This is the keynote of a novel of decided ability. The motive, without being obtruded, is given with full effect; the author sees things straightly, and puts them sharply, and he has a quaintness and individuality of style which adds additional force to his satire. Mr. Argol, the financier, is an especially effective piece of portraiture, and entirely succeeds in showing that there are many worse forms of brigandage than Carlo Nerone's crude and simple method of openly plundering his victims, and worse ways of being ruined than being merely driven down the crater of Mount Etna. The subordinate characters are amusing, and altogether the novel may be commended for its brightness, liveliness, and general ability, without any of those deductions on the score of personality and bad taste which had to be made in the case of its predecessor. No intending reader need be alarmed by the formidable and pretentious table of contents, made up from the sub-titles of every page, which must have cost a large amount of wasted trouble.

In "Miser Farebrother" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey) Mr. Farjeon has recurred to his earlier style, which was directly imitated from Dickens. Latterly, he has been adopting the sensational rôle; and, of the two, we decidedly prefer the latter. Of all the writers who ever lived, Dickens the least bears dilution; and, were it otherwise, he certainly would not bear such over-dilution as that given him by Mr. Farjeon, who has out-done most imitators in watering down the weakest mannerisms of his original. "Miser Farebrother" has, nevertheless, interest, as a story, in the sense of maintaining a certain level of curiosity. Caring little for the characters, one nevertheless wishes to see how they manage to work out poetical justice among them, and to reach that happy conclusion which is a certainty from the outset. In other respects than style the author suggests Dickens as his model. He has three purposes—one, moral, being the exposure of the baseness and meanness of greed; and two social. These are, the right of theatrical audiences to express their opinion on new plays, with the limitations of such right; and the misleading nature of circumstantial evidence. As to the former, he writes a good deal of sound sense in an exceedingly dull way. As to the latter, we can only say that the case of Phœbe Farebrother must have been conducted in an incredibly bungling manner to have made a verdict of guilty possible. There was enough evidence against her, no doubt, to support a true bill, but an acquittal would have been a foregone conclusion. When will novelists learn that circumstantial evidence, as understood in courts of justice, does not mean a mere bundle of suspicions? Or that imaginary newspaper articles and reports are not an artistic vehicle for telling a story?

"In Herself Complete," by Frances Forbes Robertson (1 vol.: Vizetelly and Co.), is a graceful little love story, giving excellent promise for the future of a writer who shows every sign of having youth in her favour. The character of the heroine is particularly sympathetic, and the authoress has already acquired much of the secret of pathos generally. The slightness and simplicity of the story are also in its favour, considered as a first essay in fiction; and we make no doubt that the stronger qualities will duly develop themselves—the simply pleasing have developed themselves already.

Mr. Hamilton Clarke is so excellent a musician that we are sorry he should have included among his crotchets that of not only publishing, but republishing, eight such stories as are included under the title of the first of them, "Two Chorus Girls" (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). They are sadly feeble, not to say puerile; while their sentimentality would lead one to suppose that their author must be singularly unversed in the ways of the world. Indeed there is something almost pathetic about his mild simplicity; and it speaks well for him, otherwise than from a literary point of view, that he appears to take himself seriously. His stories are extremely harmless, and that is almost all that can be said concerning them.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is some fair work, if nothing of special merit, in "A Wayfarer's Wallet: Dominus Redivivus," by Henry G. Hewlett (Geo. Redway), the former portion is the better, as the latter is an intensely dull polemical treatise, in fairly good didactic verse, apparently intended as a glorification of Unitarianism. We should really have thought that all educated men knew the meaning of "incomprehensible," in its true and original sense, as apart from the modern misuse of the word! Fairly good ballads are the "Death Song of the Girondists" and "Muckle Mou'd Meg;" whilst there is pleasant pastoral feeling in "A Landscape Sketch in Chalk," and "When Springtime Comes" is pretty. It is a pity Mr. Hewlett did not write more in this vein, and less in the other.

There is so much that is fine in "The Banshee, and Other Poems," by John Todhunter (Kegan Paul), that one almost shrinks from pronouncing it the artistic failure which it undoubtedly is. The fact is, that English lyrical poetry demands one of two things,

viz.: either rhyme, or alliteration regulated by the old Scandinavian laws, whereas here we have neither. We imagine the major poems to be modelled upon old Celtic metres; but what is all right in the flexible modern English. Apart from this, there is much to praise. The principal poem, "The Doom of the Children of Lir," is fine in spite of everything; it is the world-old myth of the children turned into swans by the wicked step-mother, and passages are very striking notably, the "Incantation Scene," and that in which the spell is dissolved; it is a fine and true conceit where Mr. Todhunter speaks of the arrows of the frozen surf as "burning cold." But we should like to know his authority for the rather dogmatic statement "The Lir of this poem is the Lear of Shakespeare." "The Lamentation for the Three Sons of Turann" is also good, and contains one strikingly suggestive image when the bereaved father cries—

My sons! my sons!
More blood came from you than breath
When ye gave your shouts on that mountain.

Of the minor pieces "Havelock the Gull" and "To Melancholy" are good.

"South African Poems," by Clayton Bennett (Kimberley: C. H. Hartley and Son), must not, of course, be judged by strict rules of criticism. The composition of the verses was doubtless a pleasure, and a refined one, to the author, but he has much to learn technically. Still there is some spirit in "Led to the Charge."

A not altogether unsuccessful attempt to follow in the wake of the "Bab Ballads" is "The Moderate Man, and Other Verses" by Edwin Hamilton (Ward and Downey). The funniest are the pieces which name the book, "The Contentious Q.C." and "Hard Lines;" "The Pirate" is rather silly. There are some capital illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss, which should alone be enough to secure the success of the venture.

We have also to acknowledge receipt from Messrs. J. S. Virtue of "The Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakespeare: Edited by Charles Knight" (Comedies—Vol. II.); from Messrs. Blackie and Son, Vol. III. of the "Henry Irving" Edition of Shakespeare; and from Mr. G. Waters, 97, Westbourne Grove, "Lyrics: National and Miscellaneous," by George Gomm.

HARMONY

BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON

ALTHOUGH to the generality of his admirers the art of Thomas Rowlandson is most familiarly known as *Caricature*, the picture of two graceful ladies, reproduced in the present number, may be accepted as a fair example of his special gift, that of delineating feminine beauty and winsomeness. Rowlandson's skill is most effectively displayed when his facile pencil is employed in embodying the graces of face, expression, and attitude characterising lovely women. His execution, though slight, was peculiarly adapted to the subjects he has treated in this branch; a contemporary of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, and Morland,—names associated with the most successful achievements in portraying, for the delight of successive generations, the fugitive charms of female loveliness which they happily encountered in the flesh—many of Rowlandson's productions in a similar walk might pass as sketches by these great masters. The circumstances of the artist's early academic training may account for this. At the life schools both of the English and French Academies he was regarded with favour as a specially promising pupil; and he commenced his professional career as a serious painter of portraits, contributing to the walls of the Royal Academy a succession of examples of this order, which were exhibited between the years 1775 and 1781. In 1782 his humorous faculties led his mind into another channel, and his powers of observation and graphic expression found a suitable outlet in illustrating the incidents of a tour to the South of England which he made that year in company with a congenial humourist, Henry Wigstead, whose taste for Art resembled that of Rowlandson. From this period onwards the artist seems to have relinquished portrait-painting, and devoted himself to the exercise of his inventive genius, the dexterity of his hand equalling the fertility of his fancy. Rowlandson continued to exhibit at the Royal Academy, but the nature of his contributions had changed. Henceforth the public looked for animated works replete with life, fun, and incident, and in this regard the artist's facilities enabled him to gratify his admirers to the fullest extent, and apparently without effort.

It may be noted that in the present example of the artist's delineation of the fair sex the costume and *coiffure* are those introduced from Paris, and made fashionable in London, by Mrs. Fitzherbert, whose form "found favour with a king," and to whose somewhat imperious style of feature the face of the lady holding the music-book bears a strong, and possibly intentional, resemblance, since the drawing was produced at the date when her celebrity was at its zenith.



MESSRS. REID BROTHERS.—Youthful singers, as well as actors, are now so plentiful, that they run their elders very close. "Little Red Riding Hood, an Operetta for Juveniles," libretto by George Cooper, music by James Robinson, will win universal favour with young people. This well-known nursery tale, now that it ends well, for in this edition even the wolf is not slain, but banished to a dark den, will surely take a foremost place amongst its kindred cantatas and operettas; the dialogue is smart and amusing; the music is so tuneful and dainty that the smallest performer can join in the choruses, more especially in No. 10, "Chickery, Chickery, Chick." This operetta may be played either in a room, or under the greenwood tree.—"The Secret," a cantata for young folks, written by George M. Vickers, music by James Robinson, is suitable for a breaking-up party at a ladies' school or college; boys would pronounce it "slow," and they would not be far wrong, but there is some pretty music in it, and the moral is irreproachable.—Nos. 19, 20, and 21 of "Songs," arranged for voice and guitar by M. S. Panormo are respectively, "I'll Never Do So Any More," written and composed by Theodore Hook, a lively little ditty; "Skye Boat Song" (Jacobite) which has a taking chorus; and "Turn Ye To Me" (old Highland Melody). The two latter are taken from "Songs of the North."—A Winter Song," written and composed by Frank Abell and H. W. Thatcher, is a pleasing melody, with a somewhat florid accompaniment.—"The Juvenile Reciter," words and music by Harry H. Greenbank, is an amusing skit upon the infant prodigies of the period.—"The Lyceum Gavotte," by Charles Davieson, is a more than ordinarily good specimen of its school.—No. 1, of "Little Pieces for Little Fingers," is a very simple arrangement by Charles Davieson, of the ever popular ballad, "Home, Sweet Home."

C. B. TREE.—Very tender and pathetic are both words and music of "Leave It All with Jesus," a sacred song written and composed by J. N. Selman and T. T. Smith. By the same *collaborateurs* is "Rest, Peace, and Joy," a sacred song which is simple and easy, although not so original as its predecessor.—"March in F," by Arthur Harvey, is spirited, and the time is well marked.—One of the prettiest of the season is "La Lethe Valse," by Paul Malvere.



A NEW DEPARTURE.

The publishers of one of the leading society papers of London have taken to analysing some of the leading patent medicines, also to investigating their published testimonials, with the result of creating quite a commotion among certain proprietors. Injurious effects likely to follow the use of patent medicines, published testimonials given from addresses which only exist in the mind of a clever writer in the company's employ, are fully exposed. Suits for heavy damages have been threatened by the proprietors of the remedies thus exposed. Injured innocence puts on a bold front, but the publishers of the paper in question do not frightened easily; they have taken up a question of vital interest to the public, and they propose to turn on the full light of intelligent investigation. One most excellent feature of this exposure is, that the public are enabled to discriminate between worthless nostrums and those really good remedies. The publishers evidently take this view of the question, for their last investigation is a most flattering one for the proprietors of that noted remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. The following is the report, headed—"The Verdict of the People of London on St. Jacobs Oil" :

MR. WILLIAM HOWES, civil engineer, 66, Red Lion Street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

MR. C. H. PALMER, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, said:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

MR. EDWARD PETERSON, electric light engineer, of 36, Whetstone Park, W.C., said:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

MR. HENRY JOHN BARLOW, of 4, Staples Inn Buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., said:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and completely cured me."

MRS. WOLFSBERGER, Matron of Moore Street Home for Poor, Crippled, and Orphan Boys, 17, Queen Street, Edgware Road, said that "St. Jacobs Oil has been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism."

MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, of No. 7, Alfred Place, Bedford Square, W.C., said:—"Having for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed."

HENRY and ANN BRIGHT, Hon. Superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say that "St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have in every case been removed by using the Oil, and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence."

MRS. N. PRICE, of 14, Tabernacle Square, Finsbury, E.C., said:—"My wrist, that I had strained two years before, and which had given me pain without intermission, yielded like magic to the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

MR. J. CLARK, of 21, South Place, Brixton Road, London, said:—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

MR. J. WILKINSON, 88, Bentham Road, South Hackney, suffered from rheumatism in his feet and legs for twenty years. The contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure.

ROBERT GEORGE WATTS, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., of Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N., said:—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia."

REV. EDWARD SINGLETON, M.A., 30, Bournevoie Road, Streatham, said:—"St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain directly."

REV. W. J. CAULFIELD BROWNE, M.A., rector, Kittsford Rectory, said:—"My parishioners, under my recommendation, use St. Jacobs Oil."

MR. E. J. FEUSEY, Brixton Rise, London, was treated for sciatica by eminent medical gentlemen in private practice and in the Convalescents' Home, Bexhill-on-the-Sea, near London. He obtained no relief, but the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil practically cured him.

This Journal concludes its article as follows:—"It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to us, in conducting these investigations, to be able to report a medicine which is so highly endorsed as the above-mentioned. Since making the above investigation, we have learnt that St. Jacobs Oil has such a worldwide reputation, that Her Majesty's troopships, as well as the Cunard Line and other steamers, are never considered ready for sea until a supply of the Oil is on board."

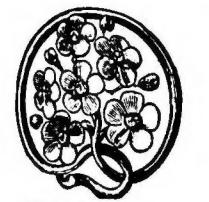
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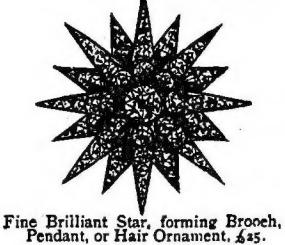
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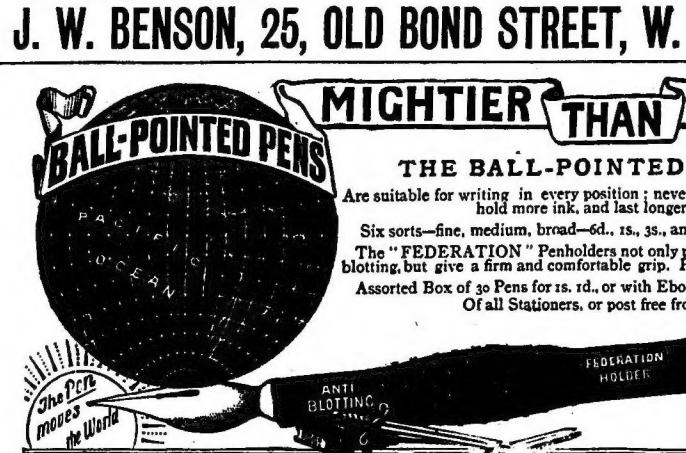
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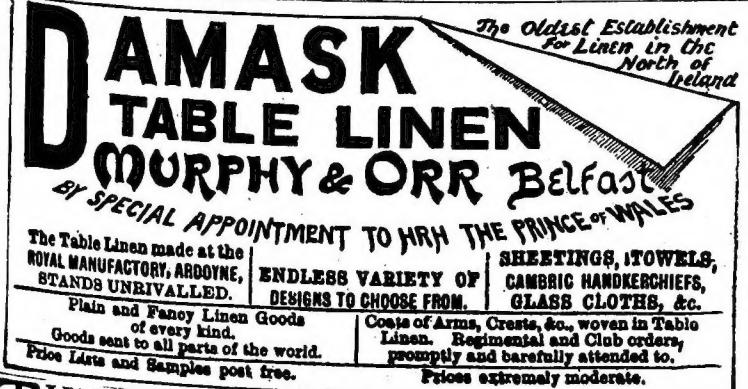
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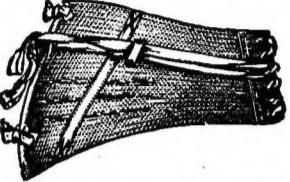
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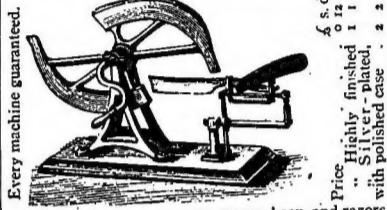
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